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HEART-STORMS.

BY F. W. BOOSE.

The shadow of night is falling,
But the shore is sunlit yet;
Oh tranquil tide, what a flood you bear
Of bitter and wild regret!

When the storm your waves uplifted,
When the wind was wet with spray,
My heart was eased of its long dull ache,
And I looked from my grief away.

'Tis when all is calm and peaceful,
When at rest the whole world lies,
That the heart is stirred with a storm unseen,
And utters its lonely cries.

In a Weak Moment.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"IT WAS all Grisel's fault! I should never have done it, only she so worried me that in a weak moment I consented."

"Yes; I notice that Grisel generally does manage to get her own way in the end, no matter who else is inconvenienced by it. I really don't see how we are either of us to make a suitable match if the close of every season is to see us buried alive in this isolated place, just because her godmother left it to her and she has taken it into her head to live here!"—and the speaker jerks her needle out of the delicate piece of embroidery upon which she is engaged with such force as to snap the silk in two.

These two ladies, mother and daughter, are sitting in the pretty morning-room of an old-fashioned country-house, situated far up the hillside of a heather-covered Cumberland moor, overlooking the sombre rock-surrounded waters of Brae Tarn.

Three weeks before, straight from the whirl and ceaseless festivities of a more than usually gay London season, Mrs. Wytcherley and her two daughters had arrived at Braeside for an autumn sojourn among the secluded valleys and vast expanse of moorland which surrounded their new abode.

The house, together with a few acres of landed property adjoining, had been quite recently left to the younger of the Misses Wytcherley by Lady Manvers, the late owner, and this is the first time the heiress and her family have visited it since the old lady's death.

Griselda is delighted with the romantic scenery and picturesque situation of her new possession, and spends whole days rambling through the woods and over the fells, accompanied by her faithful Newfoundland, King Lear, and her little Yorkshire terrier Puff.

Unspoiled as yet by the worldly atmosphere which had surrounded her all her life, she cares nothing for dress or admiration, and is rather bored by the demands of fashionable etiquette. What to her elder sister Blanche is the elixir of life is to Griselda but a weariness of the flesh, borne with rather than enjoyed.

"It is a great pity that Griselda cannot find some country farmer in the neighborhood who wants a wife," goes on Blanche Wytcherley after a pause, during which she has been engaged in repairing the mischief her former impatient remarks had caused. "It would suit her exactly to spend her days vegetating among bleak moors and looking after stray sheep on the mountains."

"Yes; I am really sometimes almost sorry Lady Manvers left her this place," Mrs. Wytcherley answers, sighing, "for the moment she comes of age she threatens to live here altogether, and I am sure I shall never be able to stand it!"

"No, indeed; it is most selfish to expect it. Never mind, mamma; I hope I shall be married by that time and have a home to offer you. Grisel can then bury herself here if she wants to live in seclusion. I must say I think it most absurd! Why, there is not a single person one can associate with except Dunbars."

"I am sure I hope and trust Grisel will not disgrace us by a foolish marriage," Mrs. Wytcherley says, in a horrified tone, "especially after refusing one of the most eligible suitors in England. I cannot think what possessed her to do it; she may never have such another chance."

"Probably not," is the rather spiteful rejoinder. "Grisel's is not the style of beauty which every one admires, and she certainly takes no pains with herself."

"Sir Desmond Charteris admired her very much," Mrs. Wytcherley observes regretfully. "By-the-bye, Blanche, have you answered their invitation for November?"

"Yes; I said we would go, although Grisel declares nothing shall induce her to leave here for Helmsley. You will have to exercise your authority, mamma, and make her change her mind, for I am determined to go. Mr. Hayes is to be of the party."

The last clause is accompanied with a little lowering of Blanche's golden head and a faint—very faint—blush, which Mrs. Wytcherley notices.

"I wonder he did not propose to you before we left London," she remarks abruptly.

"Why, mamma?" Blanche looks up, startled.

"Because he paid you a great deal of attention—quite enough to make it noticed—and I do not consider a man is justified in playing the role of lover to any girl unless he intends to ask her in marriage. I do not approve of these 'season' flirtations."

"Mr. Hayes is not a flirt," Blanche answers softly.

"Then it is all the more extraordinary that he has not spoken," is the rather stern reply; and Mrs. Wytcherley looks up with keen scrutiny at her elder daughter. Blanche however wears a complacent, almost triumphant smile.

"I think Gordon Hayes and I understood each other pretty well, mamma," she answers calmly. "He is only waiting till we meet at Helmsley."

"And you have made up your mind to accept him, then?"

"Yes."

There is silence for a time in the room, each being apparently busy with her work; but Blanche's thoughts are not so wholly centred as they appear to be upon the shading of the pink carnation growing to perfection beneath her white fingers, nor is the rather anxious frown on Mrs. Wytcherley's forehead due to the intricate pattern of the fleecy white shawl which her ivory needles are knitting with a monotonous clicking.

Blanche Wytcherley has profited well by her contact with the world. Beautiful with the cold beauty of a marble statue, she possesses little or none of the warmth of heart and generous self-forgetfulness which make woman's nature so lovable. With worldly wisdom, she reasons within herself that her mother's income—an annuity large enough to suffice at present for the wants of both herself and her daughters—dies with her, and that, though Grisel is provided for, she—Blanche—will be absolutely penniless unless she can secure a home of her own, and that it behoves her to look out for a wealthy suitor.

Such a one, in the person of Gordon Hayes, a rich landowner in Monmouthshire, had come forward during the past season as chief her admirers; and, though Blanche cares nothing for him, and in fact rather looks down upon him as a soft-hearted imbecile, yet as his wife her standing both in society and among her own compeers is likely to be one of the highest in the land.

Mrs. Wytcherley likes Gordon Hayes, and would gladly accept him as a son-in-law, and, though exceedingly worldly and ambitious where her children's welfare is concerned, she is really kind-hearted. Having married for love herself she does not ignore, as Blanche does, this sine qua non to a happy wedded life.

"I wonder where Grisel has gone to-day? I really wish she would not stay away so long," is Mrs. Wytcherley's next remark—"it is just upon five o'clock!"

"She will come in to tea," answers Blanche calmly—"Grisel never misses that. I fancy I heard her just now calling to the dogs. I hope she won't bring them in here, with their dirty feet. Is that Miss Griselda, Dawes?"—addressing an elderly man in sombre livery who just then enters with the tea-tray.

"Yes, miss. Miss Griselda is coming up the drive now."

Presently a light footstep sounds without on the gravelled terrace, and a laughing girlish face looks in at the window.

"Tea ready? I am so glad! We have had a delightful walk—up over the top of Braelech Fell, and home by the moors. Dawes"—calling to the old man who is leaving the room—"tell the cook I am as hungry as a hunter, and ask her to send me some scones or tea-cakes. What have you two been doing all the afternoon, mother—staying indoors?"

"Yes. Blanche did not care to drive, and these steep hills tire me so that I dare not venture out on foot. How you can scamper up and down them as you do amazes me!"

"Oh, I am used to it, and, as Fraulein Grautich used to say, have something of the chamois in my nature!" is the laughing reply as Grisel steps nimbly over the low window-sill into the room.

Griselda Wytcherley is a decided contrast to her sister, both in manner and appearance. In stature however she is Blanche's equal, being tall and slender, with a graceful deportment, though lacking the calm repose which makes her elder sister's bearing so queenly and dignified. Her face is piquant rather than beautiful, for she has a pert little nose, inclining to retrousse, laughing hazel eyes whose long curled lashes add to their witching expression, and a rather large mouth, displaying, when she smiles, a row of pearly teeth. Her hair is a rich soft brown, just touched with gold, and, being rather tumbled with her walk, escapes in little curls here and there from beneath the cloth cap perched jauntily on her well-poised head. A tight-fitting gray ulster completes her costume, into the side-pocket of which she has carelessly thrust some bright mountain-ash berries.

"I've had an adventure," she begins as she throws her cap upon a chair and proceeds to divest herself of her outer garment. "I met one of our neighbors, and came to words with him about the right of way. He actually dared to defy me; but I am determined to keep these grounds private!"—and the hazel eyes grow bright with angry determination.

Blanche raises her large blue eyes and looks at her mother with an expression which seems to say, "What will Grisel do next, I wonder?" but merely asks—"Was the man a gentleman?"

"Yes—at least, I don't know. He spoke well—but many of the North-country farmers do that."

"Was he good-looking—young?" asks her sister with increased interest.

"Well, I didn't notice him much—he made me so angry. Yes, I think he was young."

"I dare say he was only a farmer," Blanche remarks, smiling at the remembrance of her former wish that Grisel might come across such a one for a suitor.

"Very probably. I was on top of Brunt Fell when I saw him calmly walking along the clover meadow by the tennis-lawn. King Lear rushed down after him, of course—and I followed, because the man had a dog, and I feared they would fight. The wretch didn't seem in the least abashed when I politely suggested that he was trespassing, and to my utter astonishment and disgust coolly replied that Lady Manvers had always allowed that walk to be a public one, and that he had received no intimation of the new owner's having made any change. Of course I told him that the property belonged to me now, and that I should certainly not allow the public to pass to and fro so close to our grounds.

"'And do you mean to tell me that you are the new owner of Braeside?' he exclaimed, looking at me with the most impertinent air of amusement, as though he would have liked to add, 'A chit like you!'

"'Certainly I do,' I answered; 'and I must request that in future you do not bring your dog across this field, because I am accustomed to let mine run loose on my property, and they might quarrel.'

"'I'd back my Ben-na-Chree against that Newfoundland of yours any day,' he replied, 'not but that he's a splendid fellow. What is his name?'

"'King Lear,' I answered shortly, wishing that the stupid dog wouldn't keep licking his hand as he stroked him, and wag his tail with such a pleased air at being noticed. "He looks amiable, but he would kill your collie if they fought.'

"'I doubt it,' the wretch replied, with a grin.

"'I may also tell you,' I went on in my most aggressive manner, 'that I am having notices put up all over the estate that dogs found straying thereon will be shot. By-the-bye, may I ask if Lady Manvers gave you leave to shoot over the land as well as use the private paths?' I had noticed that he carried a gun.

"'Certainly not,' he said, and looked rather foolish. He wished me 'Good day' after that and walked away."

"My dear Grisel," exclaims Mrs. Wytcherley, "why not let the paths alone? If people have been accustomed to use them they will be sure to resent having them closed, and it is hardly worth while making yourself obnoxious."

"But, mother, I really don't see why all the rag-tag and bob-tail should be careering over our place just as they like!" is the cross reply. "Why, I should never dare to go about as I do if I thought I was likely to meet all sorts of tramps and people in the woods. I must really see Dunstable about this right of way, and get him to settle it. I am not going to be bullied by impertinent young men."

"I thought you said just now he wasn't young," observes Blanche as she languidly stirs her tea.

"Well, he was certainly not old," Grisel answers musingly. "About seven or eight and twenty, I should think."

"And good-looking, did you say?"

"Fairly; but he was angry, and it did not improve his appearance. He was a

big man—over six feet, I should imagine. I felt quite a shrimp beside him."

"Ah, these country farmers are generally very big!" Blanche remarks carelessly. "I don't admire such giants."

It may be observed that Gordon Hayes is about five feet six, and slender in proportion.

"Well, I do," Grisel admits—"especially when they are good figures like this man."

"Considering that you did not notice him much, you seem to have 'totted him up' pretty well!" is the sarcastic comment.

Grisel laughs and colors a little.

"It made me wish to be a man, so that I could have a regular stand-up fight for my path," she says spitefully. "As to 'totting him up,' I have eyes in my head, and I used them as well as my tongue. I don't think he will argue the point with me any more. I mean to go down as soon as I have finished my tea and see if Dunstable has got those notice-boards ready; then, if this man persists in trespassing, I shall go to law about it. I wonder what the wretch's name is? I must ask Dunstable."

Grisel does not gain any very satisfactory information from the bailiff about the trespasser. Although Mr. Jeremiah Dunstable has been bailiff at Braeside for twenty years, and knows every man and boy about the place, he declares there is no farmer in the neighborhood at all answering to Miss Wytcherley's description, and certainly not one who would have taken upon himself to argue the point with her.

"There's only Mr. Pierpoint, of Grath, who is anything like the gentleman you describe, miss," he remarks thoughtfully; "but he is away from home and not expected back this side of Christmas, so it couldn't have been him. He was a great friend of her ladyship's, and came and went as he liked, having all the shooting—rabbits and that."

"Well, he won't have it now! Besides, this man said Lady Manvers did not let him shoot, when I asked him the question. I don't want to block the public path altogether, but it must be made higher up—out of the way of the garden and tennis-lawn. I am not going to have strange men tramping over the property at all times and seasons, shooting my rabbits and setting on their dogs to frighten mine—this man had a wretched collie called 'Ben-ma Chree.'"

"Then, miss, I'll tell you just who it was!" says Mr. Dunstable eagerly. "It was Donald Murcheson, Mr. Pierpoint's head gamekeeper. They're very much alike in appearance, and he's his foster-brother. It's as likely as not he'd argue out the right of way; he is very 'uppy!'—and Dunstable chuckles delightedly at having a fling at his rival, whose youth and superiority as a sportsman make his very name obnoxious to him.

"A gamekeeper? Well, he comes into my fields no more! And, Mr. Dunstable, see that those notices are put up to-morrow."

"A gamekeeper!" repeats Miss Wytcherley to herself, as she climbs the rocky moorland-path on her way home. "And he actually dared to talk to me as though he were my equal, and smile superciliously when he inquired if the place belonged to me! I shall write to Mr. Pierpoint the very first thing to-morrow morning and complain of him."

"He evidently imagined you were making fun of him when you said you owned Braeside," Blanche remarks, when her sister recounts the tale of this new insult which has been offered her. "I really don't wonder at it, seeing the guy you looked!"

"He is a wretch; and I shall take the very first opportunity of seeing his master and making a formal complaint of his behavior," is the wrathful rejoinder. "I have no doubt he makes a fine thing of all the game he kills—poaching I call it! However, he will not shoot over my preserves any more!"

CHAPTER II.

IT IS a glorious morning in early September. The sun, high up in the heavens, is gilding moorland and fell-side with radiant beams, and bathing in a misty glow the far-off line of purple mountains rising majestically to the cloudless sky. Down below in solemn silence lies the tarn, reflecting in its deep waters the smooth glistening rocks which rise up perpendicularly from its very margin, casting gloomy shadows where they intercept the sunlight.

Up above on the very edge of Brunt Fell sits Griselda Wytcherley, her dogs beside her, and an open book upon her knee. She is not reading however; her eyes are fixed with a rapt gaze of enjoyment upon the distant panorama of mountain, woodland, and heather-covered moors lying stretched before her, while the smile which curves her lip shows that the deep reverie into which she has fallen is decidedly a pleasant one.

"You love this place as much as I do—don't you, King Lear?" she says, addressing the Newfoundland who lies beside her, his huge head resting on his paws, his eyes blinking in the sunlight. "We should never tire, should we, of our rambles over the mountains, and the thousand-and-one delightful things we can find to occupy our time up here in the wilds? It is so jolly to wear just what one likes—an old gown and no gloves—without any fear of meeting Mrs. Grundy! I know you appreciate hunting the rabbits and scampering the fields with no heavy collar round your neck, or a crowd of terrified people flying before you, fancying you have gone mad."

She gives vent to a clear sweet laugh, which reaches the ears of a young man who is sauntering along the path just below, causing him to stop short and look about him in search of the spot from which the unwonted sound has come. At length he espies the unconscious Griselda, and an amused smile crosses his lips.

"That girl again," he mutters. "I'll have some more fun out of her. She is trespassing this time."

He turns with a quick movement and retraces his steps along the narrow path by which he has come, while the girl, unaware of the approach of her enemy, continues her cogitations, fishing her sotto-voce remarks with a loving kiss upon King Lear's soft white muzzle.

Her first intimation of the advancing foe comes in the shape of a firm footstep descending the mountain-path behind her, at which the Newfoundland raises his head, pricks up his ears, and, with a low ominous growl, springs to his feet; while the terrier, with a series of shrill barks, wriggles off Grisel's knee and starts off to meet the tall figure that at this moment comes within sight, in whom Grisel, to her intense disgust and annoyance, recognizes Mr. Pierpoint's impertinent gamekeeper.

The young man raises his cap as he approaches, noting with intense delight the angry look which comes into her face as King Lear, in response to his inviting whistle, promptly goes over to the enemy and thrusts his nose confidingly into his hand.

"Come here, King Lear!" calls Griselda in an authoritative tone.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of him!" is the smiling rejoinder. "We are friends already, you see. Good dog to remember me!"—with a caressing pat of the glossy head.

"I suppose he knows you are accustomed to dogs. I believe you are Mr. Pierpoint's head gamekeeper—are you not?"

Miss Wytcherley's tone is that of a superior to an inferior, for she is determined that, at the onset, this presuming young man shall be assured of her knowledge of his identity and presume no more. That the fact astonishes him she sees at once; and there is certainly an accession of deference in his manner as he answers rather hesitatingly—

"Yes; I look after Mr. Pierpoint's preserves."

"It was my bailiff who told me who you were," continues Grisel, still resentful of King Lear's evident predilection for this impudent hireling who dared to dispute with her the privacy of her own grounds. "He also told me that your master was away."

The gamekeeper is evidently still lost in astonishment at the young lady's intimate acquaintance with his own and his employer's affairs, for he only stares at her and vouchsafes no answer.

"Mr. Pierpoint's estate adjoins mine—does it not?" is Grisel's next question.

"Yes"—there is a pause, then a half-reluctantly added "miss."

"How far does his property extend?"

"My master owns all the land round here with the exception of that surrounding Braeside—your property"—with Grisel considers a contemptuous smile, and resents accordingly. "Brunt Fell is his also."

"Brunt Fell? What—this place we are on now?" Griselda looks startled.

"Yes—miss; and I have orders to prosecute all trespassers, also to shoot every cat and dog found at large upon it."

His face is grave, so is his voice; but, looking at him, Grisel sees that his keen bright blue eyes are laughing as he glances significantly from King Lear to the little terrier in her arms.

"Then I am trespassing?" she says coldly.

"Yes—miss."

"Well, as I have made so much of the privacy of my own property, I am bound to respect Mr. Pierpoint's. You will have the goodness to mention to him that I did so."

She moves away as she speaks, her head held high in the air, her forehead wrinkled in a frown. The gamekeeper smiles to himself as he once more raises his Glengarry cap and turns away.

"Stay!"

The sweet girlish voice, whose tones strike pleasantly upon the young man's ear in spite of his antipathy to the speaker, arrests his footsteps ere he has gone a yard upon his way down the steep mountain-path. He turns instantly and comes back towards her.

"I merely wished to say that I am having notice-boards placed at the different boundary corners of the Braeside estate, and that whoever is found trespassing after this erection will take the consequences. You understand me?"

"Perfectly well." The young man's voice is calmly courteous, but his face grows dark with angry remonstrance. "You will pardon me," he goes on, fixing his eyes upon the other angry face near him, "if I say that you are making a great mistake and preparing for yourself many difficulties. I have the honor, I suppose, of addressing Miss Wytcherley herself?"

Grisel inclines her haughty little head, adding—

"Then let me tell you, Miss Wytcherley, that by taking away what has always been a public footpath you will greatly inconvenience many who by using it can get to their work in Crumlech in half the time it takes to go round by the long and circuitous road."

"I cannot help that; I will not have the public passing so close to the garden and tennis-ground," Griselda replies firmly. "It is absurd to think that one cannot have one's private grounds to oneself."

"But this one is quite on the borders of your garden, and there is a thick high hedge between. I really cannot see——"

"Kindly mind your own business!" is the sudden and startling interruption. "I am not accustomed to be dictated to by my neighbor's servants;" and, without vouchsafing her astonished auditor another word or glance, Miss Wytcherley calls to her dogs and disappears round an angle of the rocky fell-side.

The gamekeeper looks around him for a moment with a general air of perplexity; then he raises his cap from his curly brown locks, gives vent to a prolonged whistle, and finally relieves his feelings by bursting into loud and unseemly laughter.

"She had the best of me then, by Jove," he exclaims, "and got the last word into the bargain! Never mind; it will be my turn soon, and then we shall see how my fine lady will feel! Her neighbor's servants, indeed! Ha, ha!"

* * * * * *

"Well, I am glad Mr. Pierpoint has come back, for he is the most agreeable person I think I ever met."

It is Blanche who speaks, giving vent to the sentiment at the close of a long description of a garden-party, from which she and her mother have just returned in time for dinner.

Grisel has not been of the party—much to her disappointment, for she has thus lost a grand opportunity of discovering what her neighbors are like, and of taking her own proper place among them as a resident and landowner.

A week has passed since her encounter with Mr. Pierpoint's meddlesome gamekeeper on Brunt Fell—a week of almost incessant bad weather, and Grisel, from the effects of drenching storms of rain, has been prostrate with the worst cold which she ever had in her life, and from which she is only now sufficiently recovered to join her mother and sister at the dinner-table.

Her feelings of disappointment at having been debarred from participating in the day's pleasure have increased rather than diminished during the meal, for Blanche has waxed quite enthusiastic—for her—over her description of Colonel Dunbar's beautiful house and grounds overlooking Girdlemere, and the charming people whom they have met among the guests—first and foremost of whom ranks the wealthy owner of Garth Court, Mr. Pierpoint.

"What is he like?" Griselda asks—with but languid interest however, for she is not predisposed towards this young man, whose property she considers is much too near to Braeside for either comfort or convenience.

"Well"—Blanche leans back in her chair and fixes her eyes upon her sister, as though to watch the effect of her description—"he is tall—very tall—and good-looking, with rather light brown hair, and eyes of the color I admire so much—a sort of——"

"I wasn't thinking of his looks," interrupts Grisel pettishly, as she toys with some grapes upon her plate. "I mean what is he like to talk to?"

"Oh, delightful! He has been everywhere and seen everything! We had a most interesting talk, I can assure you. By-the-way, he made many inquiries about you, and asked why you were not there."

"About me?" Grisel's large eyes open to their widest extent. "What could he want to know anything about me for, unless"—her forehead contracting—"he feels anxious about that right of way?"

"I expect it was that," Blanche answers equably; "he has, no doubt, heard about you from the gamekeeper. I told him you had had an altercation with the man, and he seemed highly amused, especially when I told him you had so excited my curiosity by your description of the gamekeeper's good looks that I was dying to see him."

"Blanche! You never said that?"

"I did, my dear, indeed!"

"Well, he won't be so amused when I lodge a formal complaint, as I mean to do the very first time I come across him," is the angry rejoinder. "I have no doubt he encourages the man to be rude and set me at defiance."

"I scarcely think so," Mrs. Wytcherley observes, speaking for the first time, "for he seemed sorry that you had been annoyed in any way. He asked my permission to call here, and expressed a wish that we would go over one day and see the Court, which I believe is historically interesting. He seems to have been quite intimate with Lady Manvers, and accustomed to have the run of the place."

"I am sorry to hear it, because I do not intend to let any one have the run of it now."

Grisel's tone is still angry, which causes Blanche to laugh.

"How vicious you seem, Grisel!" she says sweetly. "I fear you will make yourself rather a bug-bear in the neighborhood if you don't take care. Mr. Pierpoint seems quite afraid of you. I am sure he fancies you a sour, cross-grained old maid!"

"Does he? I am glad of it!" Grisel answers curtly; then she adroitly turns the conversation upon the dresses of the lady-guests at Colonel Dunbar's garden-party, and in the discussion which follows Mr. Pierpoint is for the time forgotten.

But several times during the days which follow Blanche takes occasion to sing the praises of their neighbor, and even goes so far as to take solitary walks in the woods and over the moor in the hope of meeting him again.

But Mr. Pierpoint comes not within a mile of Braeside, nor does he allow his gamekeeper to trespass either, and the grievance regarding the public walk finds vent in subdued murmurs and anonymous letters, which fill Mrs. Wytcherley with dismay, but exercise not the slightest effect in making Grisel alter her determination to close the path.

Nearly a week passes before the latter's cold leaves her at liberty to ramble as usual over moor and mountain; but one brilliant sunshiny afternoon she and her two dogs once more take their way across the fields and descend the steep rocky path leading to Brae Tarn.

There is no sign now of the dense fog which in the earlier part of the morning had hung so heavily over the valley and enveloped the mountains in mists; the sky is clear and blue, and the air, though sharp and cold, is fresh with the mountain breeze.

Grisel feels that she would like to mount the steep path to Brunt Fell, but the recollection that by so doing she lays herself under an obligation to Mr. Pierpoint deters her. Brae Tarn is open to the public from every point, and she is at liberty to walk where she likes, so down to the tarn she resolves to go.

Grisel is half-way along the path through the pine-wood when suddenly she stops and listens. Yes, surely there sounds a faint mewing in the distance—the plaintive cry of a lost kitten!

"That tiresome little Tiger!" she murmurs, reluctantly retracing her steps towards the spot whence the frightened "mew" comes once more. "Why didn't I see that he was safely shut up before I started? That is the worst of allowing cats to follow with the dogs—they always get frightened and want to be carried. He

will have to follow, now." Then, raising her voice, she calls loudly—

"Tiger, Tiger! Go and fetch Tiger, Puffy."

The plaintive cry comes nearer and nearer, till at last from out a clump of brushwood there bounds a Persian kitten, his chinchilla colored fur standing on end, his bushy tail twice its usual size. With a cry of joy Puffy springs towards him, and they roll each other in a paroxysm of delight.

In vain does Grisel try to catch the kitten; he dexterously eludes her grasp and goes darting after the Yorkshire terrier, scampering up the trees, stealing under the dead leaves to hide, and then flying down the path—followed by Puffy, whose short legs in vain try to keep up with him—yet never by any chance getting near enough to his mistress to allow of her securing him. She gives up the attempt at last and goes on her way, satisfied that while the animals are together Tiger is safe.

The tarn looks weird and shadowy this afternoon; the sun has disappeared behind the mountain, and grim shadows fall athwart the sullen-looking water. What a horrible place to lose oneself in at night, thinks Grisel with a shudder, and how soon one might by one false step slip down the bank into that dark deep water and be drowned, out of sight and sound of a living soul! Even King Lear, who loves to wade in every piece of water he comes to, avoids the tarn, and only ventures to the brink to quench his thirst, lapping as though fearful of some unseen hand dragging him in.

Grisel does not stay long in the shadowy vicinity. There is a way home through the valley and over the fell. It is longer than by the pine-wood, but not much. The girl looks at her watch; it is nearly five o'clock, but she will walk fast, and once on the top there is a short cut which will take her to Braeside in half-an-hour.

Calling to Puffy and Tiger, Grisel makes her way along the side of the tarn and takes the path leading through a cleft in the rocks to the valley beyond. It is a lovely walk in summer-time, being cool and shady; and even now, though the autumn sunset leaves it sombre-looking and dreary, there is much to admire in the steep rugged rocks, with here and there a green patch where the delicate-looking parsley-fern flourishes in it's bleak, cold, unsheltered home—and the banks of bracken nearer by, tinted now with palest yellow and ruddy gold.

By-and-by the path diverges into a more open space, lighter and less isolated. Across the stream which dashes along over the stones at the right-hand side is the sound of the woodman's axe, accompanied by cheerful whistling; while from behind the trees farther on rises the wreath of blue smoke from this same wood-cutter's cottage, snugly ensconced at the foot of a sheltering rock.

Grisel follows the course of the stream for some distance, the animals closely attending her, led by King Lear, who, with a sidelong glance of contempt at his companions, walks sedately along as though anxious to make up by his dignified demeanor for their unseemly levity.

All at once there comes from somewhere close by a series of sharp shrill barks, and a small black-and-tan toy-terrier leaps out of the wood, making at once for Tiger and Puffy. The latter instantly shows fight, but Tiger, terrified at the sight of a strange dog, gives one leap forward and the next instant has bounded across the broken bough of a tree lying across the swiftly-rushing stream, and alighted on the other side, where he quickly disappears from view.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear—what shall I do?" Grisel cries aloud. "He will be lost! You horrid little wretch!"—to the tiny terrier who is making friends with Puffy. "Where in the world have you come from?"

"He is my dog—I am sorry if he has been in mischief," says a familiar voice near her, and turning she beholds the tall figure of Mr. Pierpoint's gamekeeper.

"He has chased my kitten over the stream," is the vexed answer as the girl coldly returns the young man's salute.

The latter does not look much like a gamekeeper this afternoon, Grisel cannot help thinking, for he wears a knickerbocker suit of light gray tweed, evidently fresh from the hands of an expert tailor, and his shapely legs are encased in gray woollen stockings.

"Your kitten?"—looking round him in search of the missing Tiger. "I am exceedingly sorry! Where has it gone, miss?"

"Over there. Tiger,"—raising her voice—"come here, you naughty little cat!"

A feeble mew is the only response.

"He will be lost, I know he will!" Grisel exclaims in a tone of despair. "He is such a valuable cat, and I have had him only about a fortnight!"

"But does he usually accompany you in your walks? I should have thought it would be rather unsafe?" the gamekeeper suggests mildly.

"Well, the people from whom I had him were accustomed to let their cats go for walks with them in their grounds as well as the dogs. They told me about it, and the very first time I went out after this kitten came I found him following me with Puffy, exactly as though he had been used to it. Of course I had to carry him after a while because he got frightened, but after that I had him shut up when I went out. To-day however I forgot all about it, and so he came. He is devoted to Puffy, and will follow him anywhere."

Grisel has quite forgotten in her excitement that she is talking to her sworn foe, the impertinent gamekeeper, and speaks quite affably.

"How pretty she is," the young man thinks, "with her flushed cheeks and lustrous hazel eyes! What a pity it is that she is so haughty and ill-tempered!" "I will go over and fetch him for you, miss," he remarks suddenly, and turns towards the stream.

"Oh, but you cannot get across! I should have gone myself if there had only been stepping-stones, for I am very sure-footed; but there is literally nothing to cross by except the tree-trunk, and that wouldn't hold anybody!"

"I will try it."

"But you will fall in!" she exclaims, in an anxious tone of remonstrance.

"It won't hurt me if I do," is the calm reply. "I am used to little escapades of that sort. May I ask you however to be kind enough to take charge of my—my master's little dog, miss? He is very fond of me, and would be sure to try to follow me. If he fell in, the stream would carry him away in a moment and he would be drowned. If you would not mind taking him in your arms—he will not bite."

"Certainly—give him to me!"

"Come here, Clito," calls the gamekeeper.

Clito leaves off his game of romps with Puffy, and slouches towards the beckoning hand as though he fears a scolding. The next moment he finds himself in the strange lady's arms, while his loved friend prepares to make his perilous way across the beck.

It is neither an elegant nor dignified progress, and, but for the sense of obligation she is under to the rescue of her kitten, Grisel could find it in her heart to laugh aloud as she watches him with extended arms trying to balance himself upon the swaying bough like a performer on the tight-rope.

However by degrees he reaches the opposite side in safety and begins to peer about for the kitten, calling its name in wheedling tones, which show him to be well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of pet animals, and which presently have effect, for Grisel sees a fluffy gray ball come creeping out of a clump of ferns and advance towards the possessor of the soft coaxing voice, which in another moment changes to a tone of triumph as he calls back over the rushing stream—

"It's all right; I've caught him at last!"

But now comes the tug of-war—to wit, the return journey—and this is by no means easy or pleasant. With the struggling kitten clutched in one arm, the gamekeeper has to balance himself as best he can with the other, and more than once a desperate attempt on the part of his burden to escape causes him to lurch and nearly loose his footing altogether.

Grisel watches him anxiously, afraid to speak, as he comes slowly towards her, the bough creaking and bending with every step, and threatening to snap in half.

He has reached the middle of the stream. A few steps more and he will be safe, when suddenly there is a sharp crack, followed by a stifled cry from Grisel, and the next instant the gamekeeper and the kitten fall with a loud splash into the water.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaims, going close to the brink and holding out her hands as though to pull Tiger's captor to land. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit, thanks," is the answer, as the gamekeeper makes his way over the stones and through the rushing water to terra firma. "I nearly lost the kitten, though."

And then Grisel sees that he has a long red scratch all down his hand.

"Oh, he has scratched you! How dreadful of him!" she says remorsefully, as she puts down the terrier and receives the struggling kitten into her arms. "I am so much obliged to you"—raising her lovely grateful eyes to his—"but how will you get home like that? You must be wet through!"

"Oh, I shall get back in no time, miss! It won't hurt me—I've often got as wet as this, trout-fishing."

"But you must go at once and change your things. It is not like summer, you know," pursues Grisel solicitously.

"Yes, I'll go at once. Good afternoon, miss!"

He raises his hat with a courtly grace which proclaims the gentleman, calls to his dog, and the next moment has disappeared within the depths of the pine-wood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIGHTING CLAM.—In diving for clams (as in octopus diving) it is usual to provide one's self with a sharp-pointed stake or an iron rod. At Artuaki, when the tide is out, clams are picked up everywhere on the reef. At Mauke men dive for them on the ocean side of the narrow fringing reef, when the sea is smooth. On reaching the botton the diver stabs the gaping clam, which, for the mollusc is very tenacious of life, at once firmly grasps the weapon. The diver now tugs with both hands until the clam is dislodged. A couple of expert natives, with a canoe, will get as many as a hundred in a day when a feast is in preparation.

At Manihiki and Rakaanga the largest clams are about two spans in length, the animal itself being sufficiently large to satisfy the hunger of three persons.

Clam-diving is woman's work in those atolls. Yet it is surprising how accidents occur.

The reason for this may be they dive in comparatively shallow water. Not long since a native was feeling about the bottom of the lagoon of one of the Paumotu atolls, for the dark-edged pearl oyster, when he unfortunately inserted the fingers of his left hand between the valves of a clam.

The diver was instantly made prisoner by the mollusc. His agony was intense. Was it possible to get free?

As the clam was in a hollow just adapted to its size, he could not sever the byssus. At length, in sheer terror of drowning, he cut off his four fingers with the knife pearl divers carry with them, and rose to the surface a sadder if not a wiser man.

A similar accident took place at Penrhyns; but the diver, instead of maiming himself for life, forced a knife between the valves and released himself.

Should the clam be attached to a smooth bit of coral, the speediest mode of rescue is to sever the bundle of silky filaments by which it moors itself.

On a neighboring island, ere this could be done, the forefinger of the right hand of a clam-diver was lopped completely off.

Brought ashore in baskets, they live for some time.

Children in their play are apt to put their fingers between the open valves, and so get caught. Their screams soon bring their parents to the rescue, which is effected by stabbing the clam through the cavity for the byssus.

The supply of clams in the Pacific is exhaustless. If a party of divers should remove all the large ones from any particular locality for a grand feast, and should return next year to the same spot, no difference would be perceived, so rapid is the growth of the clam in these warm waters.

Pearls of a peculiarly brilliant hue are occasionally found in the clam.

CONDUCTED ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.—Topeka, in Kansas, has matrimonial agencies that are carried on like any other ordinary business. On each side the door outside are blackboards, on which the good things of the day are chalked up.

"Widower wants housekeeper; if suitable, will marry her."

"Young farmer owning quarter-section of land wants a wife; good milker preferred."

"Strong healthy, woman, with two hundred dollars, wants a husband. Is not afraid to work."

"A widow with one child wants a husband; will go into the country."

These represent the sober necessities of the occasion, as the wording indicates.

Before these blackboards are two distinct crowds, elbowing and tiptoeing to see over one another's shoulders, men looking over the available wives, and women inspecting the lists of offered husbands. In these groups no one but strangers seem to find anything remarkable or entertaining.

Bric-a-Brac.

STEELYARD.—The last syllable of "steelyard" does not signify a measure, but owes its origin to the "yard," or court, in London where traders sold their steel, and which was regulated by the "Merchants of the Steelyard." In this yard, or court, there would stand some kind of balance for weighing the metal, and this meaning soon supplanted the original word.

MAKING DOLLS.—It takes eighty men to make a German doll. Each man makes a small portion of a doll, but it is the same little bit all the time, and about 1,000 dozen dolls can be made in a day in some of the big factories. After the men finish the bodily portion of the doll, the women's work begins. They paint faces, put on wigs, dress the dolls, and pack them for market.

IN HOLLAND.—When a child is dying, the people of some parts of Holland are accustomed to shade it by curtains from the parents' gaze, the soul being supposed to linger in the body so long as a compassionate eye is fixed upon it. Thus, in Germany, he who sheds a tear in leaning over an expiring friend, and does not wipe it off, enhances, they consider, the difficulties of death's last struggle.

THE LIBERTY CAP.—When the Romans manumitted a slave, his head was adorned with a small red cloth cap. As soon as this was done, he was known as a libertinus, or freedman, and his name was registered among others of the city's "tribes." In the year 263, when Saturninus invaded the capital, he hoisted a cap on the point of his spear, to indicate that all slaves who rallied around this standard should be free. This was the origin of the liberty cap still used in art as a symbol.

SUGAR TONGS.—The use of tongs for taking up heated metals or small lumps of anything was known to the Anglo-Saxons (tange), so were probably in vogue as soon as the use of "lump" sugar became common. Forks were introduced into England by Thomas Coryat in 1608, having seen them in Italy, first known there at the end of the fifteenth century; and silver forks were introduced about the year 1814; but two-pronged steel ones were manufactured at Sheffield soon after Coryat employed one himself. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Fynes Moryson describes the use of a fork, as he observed it at Venice, in his Itinerary.

RARE BOOKS.—Among the rare and valuable books in the late Duke of Devonshire's library, says a contemporary, there are few of which there are no duplicates anywhere, and, what is still more extraordinary, no one has ever read them. The following are some of them—"Percy Vere," in forty volumes; "Tadpoles, or Tales Out of My Own Head;" "The Life of Zimmerman," by himself; "Boyle on Steam;" "Voltaire, Volney, Volta," three vols.; "Barrow on the Common Weal," and "Recollections of Bannister," by Lord Stair. These curious titles were supplied to the duke by Thomas Hood for lettering certain sham volumes.

SUNDAY.—It is a strange fact, but one said to be true, that every day in the week is, in one nation or other, a Sunday. Monday is the Greek Sunday; Tuesday is the day of rest among the Persians; Wednesday among the Assyrians; Thursday among the Egyptians; Friday is the Sabbath among the Turks, and, of course, among the Jews, Saturday. Our own is the best. It is the first day of the week, the Lord's day, commemorative of the glorious resurrection of Christ from the dead. On that day Jesus met with and revealed Himself to his Disciples, and on that very day ever afterward the Disciples met for worship and to observe the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. On that day also John received his revelations on Patmos.

CHARLES I.—The anniversary of the death of Charles I calls attention to the fact that there are several relics still extant of his trial and execution. Sir R. Palgrave, the learned Clerk of the House of Commons, has been able to specify the exact spot occupied by the King during his trial in Westminster Hall; the chair on which he sat is in the board-room of the hospital at Moreton-on-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire; the hat of the president of the court, Bradshaw, who remained covered throughout the trial, is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; the footstool on which the King knelt, or more properly supported him, when he laid his head on the block, lying down prone, is, with an escritoire and other relics of Charles I, in the possession of Mr. Martin-Edmunds, Walmer, Kent, and the room where the death warrant was signed is a little compartment off the members' cloak room in the House of Commons, and is commonly known as Cromwell's Chapel.

THE 500th anniversary of the birth of Prince Henry the Navigator is to be celebrated by the publication of an album; and the Queen of Portugal has written in it this sentiment: "As a mother and as a queen, my greatest ambition would be to endow my country—the Portuguese nation—with a group of children like those of Philippa of Lancaster, and that among them there should be one who should do great deeds for Portugal, and for the world, like Prince Henry."

THE TOUCH OF PAIN.

BY S. M. P.

Spring laughs for gladness of her buds up-curled,
Her myriad songs and hues and odors rare,
And, faint for utter bliss, Summer's noon air
Lies hushed; the loud winds in their dances whirled
Shout Autumn's glee, until the force far-hurled
Of Winter's keen delight over the bare
And bonding forests flies; all seasons share
The joy that wells from out the heart o' the world.

So dream young souls, unsmitten of sharp years,
Till in the way uprises One and lays
The magic of his touch on eyes and ears,
And Spring laments, and Summer swoons to dying,
And wailing Autumn leads where Winter frays
The heaven and shakes the earth with frenzied crying.

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

He had read the letter, but had neither the desire nor the patience to wade through the papers. Why should he? What did it matter to him to whom Reuben Vale's wealth had gone? He was sorry that the old man was dead, sorry that, in neglecting all his letters, he had neglected the one informing him of the death, and containing an invitation to the funeral. He would have liked to have seen the old man again—had grown fond of him during his short companionship at Vale Hall; but a great sorrow swallows up other feelings, or dwarfs them.

Reuben Vale had kept his word, and left him, Vane, nothing; and he was neither disappointed nor envious. Good luck go with this newly-found daughter, whoever she was! Some day, perhaps, he would see her; but at present he had no desire to do so. The only longing he had was to find Nora Trevanion, the one woman in the world for him—the girl he had loved and lost.

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall and the scene in the lumber-room; but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witch's Cauldron and Nora Trevanion wiped out all other memories.

The fire sank; he was cold one moment and hot the next. Too listless to ring, he took the bulky envelope full of papers and absently stuffed them under the waning coals.

Life is made up of such ill chances. If he had glanced at the document—whose voluminousness had frightened him—he must have seen her name and all would have been well. A cab would have whirled him to the lawyer's, and thence to Elm-square—and happiness. But the papers smouldered into ashes, and he sat and gazed at them and shivered with the cold; while, not very far off, the girl he loved so passionately, and who loved him, was weeping over his supposed neglect and coldness!

Surely if the gods do laugh at us, they must have plenty of cause for merriment!

Presently, just as the last page fell into ashes, the door opened and the servant came in with a note.

Vane took it listlessly and dropped it on the table, and it was not until an hour later that he caught sight of it and opened it.

The thick ivory-tinted paper was delicately scented, and stamped with "Florence" in gold and violet; and there were just a couple of lines:—

"Will you dine with us to-night? We are quite alone.—FLORENCE."

Vane twisted the note pensively, then he smiled with a kind of grim resignation.

"Why not?" he muttered; and twisting round in his chair, he scrawled—

"Thanks; yes," in reply.

And no two words were more fateful to the writer and recipient.

* * * * * *

When he began to dress, Vane felt half inclined to send a note of apology to Lady Florence, and very much tempted to get into bed instead of an evening suit; but he finished dressing in an absent-minded, listless fashion, and got into a cab. He had "put down" the brougham for the best of all reasons, as the man said respecting his umbrella—"because he could not keep it up;" and as the cab rolled and splashed through the wet streets he leant forward and gazed with anxious, and yet mechanical, scrutiny at every passing female figure.

Once he caught sight of a girl something—only something—like Nora standing at a shop-window, and his heart leapt—as it had leapt, alas! so often before—and his hand went up towards the little trap-door in the roof of the cab; but before he had stopped the cabman the girl had turned full-face, and another disappointment was added to the long list. She was not Nora, and with the weight pressing his heart down again he dropped back and sighed and coughed.

When the cab drew up at Lord Warlock's house in Carlton-terrace, Vane felt so tired and knocked up that he could have wished that the journey were longer. The footman who met him in the hall glanced at him with the covert curiosity which is all their well-trained respect permits, and the butler who announced him, when the dining-room door had closed upon Vane, turned to one of his satellites with the suggestion of a wink.

"Mr. Tempest's been going it pretty strongly, to judge by the look of him," he said. "Looks ten years older than when he dined here last. The cards, I suppose, for I never heard that he drank much to speak of."

The drawing-room was empty when Vane entered, and he drew a chair up to the fire and tried to warm some of the cold out of his bones. Then the door opened and Lady Florence entered. She stopped dead short as he turned his face to her and rose; the color slowly left her cheeks, and her eyes, usually so cold and impassive, grew larger with alarm and sympathy.

"Have—have you been ill?" she asked, looking at him with concerned scrutiny.

"Ill?—no!" he said with a smile. "I'm never ill."

He coughed as he made the assertion, and forcing a smile, she said—

"What! never?"

"Hardly ever!" he responded, making use of the old and almost forgotten joke in Pinafore. "I've got a bit of a cold, I fancy; but everyone has at this time of year, more or less. You are looking well."

His eyes—they were grave and thoughtful now, with none of the old bright devil-may-care light in them—rested on her lovely face and the graceful form clothed in a soft exquisitely-draping silk of a warm yet subdued color. He thought it was called heliotrope, and noticed how artistically its mauve shades showed up the faultless complexion and the rich-colored hair.

His heart was steeped in sadness, weighed down with care and unsatisfied longing, and somehow the sight of this beautiful, perfectly-dressed woman, with her violet eyes and soft speech and manners, soothed him, and gave him a vague sense of pleasure and repose.

She went to the fire and pointed to the chair he had just left.

"Please sit down again," she said in a low voice, tremulous with the feeling which only the sight of him, the sound of his voice, could arouse. "You look—yes, cold, actually cold."

"Well, I was cold, actually cold," he said, dropping into the chair and holding his hands to the blaze.

Her eyes roamed from his careworn haggard face to his hands, thin and drawn like those of a man just recovering from a long illness.

"Have you been away of late?" she asked. "You have not been near us, and I have not seen you anywhere."

"Away?" He spoke without raising his head or removing his eyes from the fire. "Well, yes, I have been wandering about—here, there, and everywhere."

The lines in his face deepened as he recalled his journeyings in search of Nora; but he made an effort to free his mind and change the subject.

"How is it you are not at one of your country places?" he asked.

"I have been," she said. "But only for a little while. Papa had to come up to a Cabinet meeting, and I insisted upon accompanying him—not to the Cabinet meeting, of course, but up here. I always hated the country in the winter. What senseless folly it is to spend the best of the summer months in London, and then go to the country when all its beauty is dead, the trees bare and dripping, and the roads are all mud."

"So I think," he assented.

"Oh, you!—you can shoot and fish," she said.

"Yes," he said.

He had not touched a gun or a rod since—since he had left Luth. Up before him sprang the quiet hillside, the pretty cottage, and Nora's happy face.

He shuddered slightly.

"Are you still cold?" she asked, and she bent over him with wistful tenderness. "Are you sure you ought to have come out to-night? I—I cannot help thinking that you are really ill."

He raised himself and sprang to his feet.

"I am not in the least ill," he said, forcing a smile. "Had you a large party in the country?"

"Why did you not come and see?" she responded reproachfully. "I wrote as well as papa; and you did not condescend even to answer us."

He looked down. Some of his neglected letters he had burned unopened; doubtless hers and Lord Warlock's were amongst them.

"I am very sorry. Pray forgive me! I have been very busy——"

"Busy!" she arched her delicate eyebrows and looked at him with gentle incredulity. "I cannot imagine you 'busy.' I wonder what story you would tell me if I asked you what you had been so busy at?"

His brows contracted and he tugged at his moustache.

She rested one small satin-covered foot on the marble fender-rail and looked down at him with a pensive smile.

"I wonder why men are always so mysterious? No one seems to know where you have been; not even your friend——" there was a scarcely perceptible hesitation, "your friend, Mr. Senley Tyers."

"You ought to say 'our' friend," said Vane, with a short laugh, and evading the question, "for you see a great deal of him, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, with fine constraint and coldness. "I think he is useful to papa—"

"Useful to Lord Warlock!" said Vane, with faint surprise.

She gazed at the fire, her face impassive and set.

"Yes; don't ask me how or in what way. I imagine he is in possession of some statistics which papa requires, or—I really don't know. Does it matter? Let us talk of something else more interesting."

"By all means," he assented. "Though I must be allowed to remark that Senley Tyers is a really wonderful man."

"How a wonderful man?" she asked, with a cold hauteur, tinged with a shade of anxiety.

"Well, he seems to make himself necessary to everybody with whom he comes in contact, or, at any rate, to everyone to whom he takes a fancy. For those persons he doesn't care about I imagine Senley Tyers wouldn't wag a finger to save them from drowning. Then you see a great deal of him?" he asked, half absently.

"He is here very often—yes," she said, with an air of indifference.

The old earl entered and saved her from Vane's further questioning, and she drew a breath of relief.

"Ah, Tempest!" said the earl, hobbling towards him and extending a gouty hand. "What beastly weather! Very good of you to take pity on us and come out in such a deuce of a night, and—hullos!" he broke off and stared at the haggard but still handsome face of the man he perhaps liked best in the world. "What on earth have you been doing with yourself? You look as if you'd been on a twelvemonths' racket, or half-starved in a coal mine," and he knitted his shaggy brows.

Vane laughed, and the old man frowned still more darkly as he noticed the absence of the wonted careless ring in the laugh.

"Do I look as if I had washed myself?" he said.

"You look as if you ought to be in bed, or—or a fever hospital," retorted the earl grimly. "I suppose she worried you to come here to-night? Women have no consciences. Well, now you are here I hope you'll get a good dinner. You look to me as if a couple of bottles of port would be of some service. Banks," he turned to the butler, "better give Mr. Tempest some of that yellow seal, and see that he gets plenty of it."

Vane laughed as he gave his arm to Lady Florence.

"I wonder why people with the gout always want all the rest of the world, and their friends in particular, to have it? I suppose it's the old story of the fox who lost his tail."

But though he laughed carelessly, he was not insensible to the old man's kindly interest.

There were only the three, and they dined in a small room, as warm as toast, with the subdued light of wax candles shining through crimson silk. The dinner was perfect, Lady Florence's voice softly modulated and harmonising with the subdued light, and the atmosphere of repose fell upon his ear like soothing music.

The poor fellow grew brighter-eyed and his face less gray and wan as the dinner proceeded, and he managed to talk in something like his old manner.

Lady Florence watched him without seeming to do so, and her own eyes grew brighter. What had happened to him during his long absence, and where had that absence been spent? She had suffered agonies of jealousy during the past weeks while he had been away; but as the dinner made its stately, yet cosy and luxurious, progress, she forgot her doubts and fears, and basked in the happiness his presence, his nearness, caused her.

She lingered long after the butler had brought the special yellow-seated port, and then, as Vane opened the door for her, said in a soft, inviting voice—

"Don't let papa keep you too long. I will have the most splendid fire you ever saw made in the drawing-room."

Vane went back to the table, and the butler set a fresh bottle beside him, after filling his glass, and the earl exhorted him to drink.

"It will do you more good than claret; and as for the gout, why you'd better have that than the beastly cold you seem struggling with. Pass me the bottle. I'll chance it, and take half a glass myself—half a glass, mind—now Florence has gone." He chuckled, and sipped the priceless wine with the keen enjoyment attending all forbidden indulgences, and chatted genially. "By the way," he said after a pause, "what the deuce does this new freak of Westleigh's mean?"

"What freak?" asked Vane.

"Why, it appears that he has gone in for coaching again, and has actually undertaken to run the stage from Westleigh to Newton Petroch, and is going to drive, himself, three days a week. It's all in the Morning Post."

"I haven't seen or heard anything of him for some time," said Vane. "He was always fond of driving, and I suppose thinks that tooling a four-in-hand better than doing nothing."

"Well, there's no accounting for taste," commented Lord Warlock. "I should have thought that he could have got something better to do than playing at omnibus driver. It was all very well before he came into the title, but he ought to settle down now. By the way, Vane," he broke off, eyeing the ruby-colored wine in his glass with reflective satisfaction, "isn't it time you settled down? Don't think I want to be impertinent, but it seems to me that he ought to have had your fling by this time, and be ready to harvest that crop of wild oats you've been sowing so plentifully." Vane remained silent, and the earl went on in the quiet, almost affectionate manner, which was perhaps reserved for Vane Tempest alone of all his friends. "I know you are not old, that you could very easily sow another crop or two, but is it worth while? That's the question. You are the sort of man who ought to have a stake in the country, and do your best to keep the good old Constitution moving."

Vane smiled rather grimly.

"You speak as if I had only to throw the handkerchief, sir," he said.

The earl looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't know that," he said, "but I've always found that a man can find a wife if he sets about looking for her seriously. I should have thought you would be rather popular with the women; you used to be, I fancy. Perhaps you've lost ground lately. A man can't afford to drop the world for months at a time; at any rate, he can't expect to pick it up again when he chooses. You look seedy and bored. You'd better marry, my dear fellow. I don't say you would cease to be bored, but at least you will have home comforts and someone to look after beside yourself, and that's better than having someone to look after you."

In speaking thus, Lord Warlock, it need hardly be said, was not thinking of his daughter Florence. If he had thought of her, and guessed her passion for Vane, he would not have spoken. Nor did Vane connect her with the earl's advice. Every word the worldly-wise old man said recalled Nora to Vane's mind. There was his wife—the wife of his heart—if he could but find her and induce her to return his love.

They finished the bottle and went into the drawing room. There the earl made straight for his chair and settled himself for slumber without the least attempt at concealment. Lady Florence was seated in a low chair by the fire and another was

drawn up close beside her. She welcomed Vane with a smile, and pointed to the vacant chair.

"Come and roast."

"Oh, I'm warm enough now," he said, but he sank into the chair and drew the breath of comfort. The wind could be heard as it swept the rain-deluged streets, and the sound made the warm, soft-lighted room all the more comfortable by contrast. He sat nursing his leg in his favorite attitude, and gazing at the fire while she talked. She laid herself out to amuse him: recounted all the gossip which had prevailed during his absence, told him little anecdotes about the people they both knew, who had married, and who were likely to be divorced. He listened with a faint smile, but in a preoccupied manner; he was thinking of the earl's advice. Would it be better for him to give up all thought of Nora? It was too evident that she had fled from him because she could not bring herself to love him. Should he bury the past with which she was closely connected, the past which had rendered him so wretched? He was tired, worn, ill; he longed for rest, for some object in life, some settled purpose. Should he marry? and if so, whom? There flashed into his mind the words Senley Tyers had spoken of Florence Heathcote. Had he meant to insinuate that Florence would accept him, Vane, if he asked? A glance of light seemed to reveal the answer to him—the truth. Why was she always so gracious, so kind to him? Other men called her cold, immovable, "impossible"; but she was always glad to see him, always pleasant and friendly.

He glanced at her as his mind worked at the problem, and as he did so he met her eyes. There happened to be a pause in her soft-voiced talk, and she was looking at him, looking at him with the expression in her eyes which is more eloquent than words to him who can read a woman's eyes.

She met his questioning glance, her eyes fell, and an exquisite blush rose to her face. She lifted the hand screen she held, and hid her face from him, but he had seen enough.

He set his lips tightly and frowned at the fire. Should he ask her? He was poor—a younger son of a younger son, had nothing to recommend him. Perhaps she would laugh; but even if she said "Yes," what would the earl say? It was true she was her own mistress.

He turned to her, but at that moment her name trembled on his lips, at the moment she recognised the sudden change in his face, and her heart beat a quick response, the earl woke and yawned. Vane had stretched out his hand as if to take hers, and in fact had touched it. He drew his hand away quickly as the earl sat up and spoke.

"What time is it?" he asked. "Oh, I don't want you to go, Tempest. But I've got to look in at the Chief's next door. There's a reception to-night." He glanced at the clock. "Oh, another hour yet," he grunted, and settled to sleep again.

But the spell was broken, and Lady Florence knew it by the way Vane rose.

"There is no hurry," she said. "I shall not go until past eleven. I don't know whether you care to come. They asked you, I know."

Vane stood looking down at her. He made another effort.

"Lady Florence," he began gravely, but with a touch of excitement in his voice and eyes, "I have been wondering whether, if I said what I have been thinking of during the last hour, you would laugh or be offended."

She sat with downcast eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, and her voice, usually so calm and impassive, trembled.

He laid his hand on the back of her chair and bent over her; and as he did so her beauty, her grace, the indescribable air of refinement struck him with a sense of pleasure and content.

"Florence," he said, "what will you say if I tell you—if I ask you——"

The earl stirred and sat up again.

"There must be a draught somewhere in this room!" he said. "I can feel it at the back of my neck. Going, Tempest?" He hobbled to his feet stiffly. "I wish you were going to this confounded reception instead of me. 'Pon my word it's too bad, at this time of the year too." He gave his knotted hand to Vane. "Come again as soon as you can. Oh, and bring that boy with you—what's his name? Ernest—Ernest Mortimer. I rather liked him."

The color died out of Vane's face. He felt as if an unseen had suddenly been stretched out to snatch him from the brink of a precipice.

"Thanks," he said almost harshly. "But he has gone—gone back to his ship."

CHAPTER XXXII.

HE found himself outside the house, scarcely remembering whether he had said "Good-bye" to Lady Florence or not. His heart beat quickly, and something seemed whirling around at the back of his head.

He called a cab and lit a cigar, and when the cabman, for the second time, asked him "Where to?" he answered "101 Mount street." He felt that he could not go home to brood in solitude.

He went up the stairs to Senley Tyers' studio, and found him lying asleep, as Vane thought, in a chair before the fire.

The sallow face had an expression in it which startled Vane, preoccupied with his own affairs as he was. It was the face of a man oppressed by a nightmare—a nightmare of unsatisfied longing.

Vane, as he shook him by the shoulder, noticed a faint smell of drugs in the room, an odor that pierced the usual atmosphere of perfume; and he saw that a small phial stood on the Oriental table beside the divan-chair in which Senley Tyers reclined.

"Sen, Sen, wake up!" he said, shaking him.

Senley Tyers roused after a moment or two, and, opening his eyes, stared up at the haggard face above him, vacantly enough, for a moment; then his face darkened, and he sprang lithely to his feet.

"Curse you!" he exclaimed; "what do you want here?" Then he faltered, passed his hand over his face, and seemed to gain full consciousness. "Hallo, Vane!" he said in his usual manner. "It is you, is it? I fell asleep, and have been dreaming, and I thought—well, I don't know exactly what I thought. Sit down. Take off your coat. What will you have to drink?"

As he asked the question he caught sight of the phial, and his white hand covered it, took it up, and conveyed it to his pocket.

Vane stood looking at him with questioning concern.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"The matter?"

"Yes. You don't look the thing, Sen. And—what's this scent in the room? The place smells like a chemist's shop."

Senley Tyers laughed faintly.

"Oh, I've had the neuralgia," he said carelessly, "and have been taking a few drops of morphia. I suppose that is what you smell. Beastly thing, neuralgia! We men who habitually overwork ourselves always get it, sooner or later. But sit down. Any news?"

Vane leant against the carved mantel, his crush hat still on his head, his hands thrust in his overcoat pockets.

"No," he said.

Senley Tyers poked up the fire, and passed his handkerchief over his face. It was moist with the sweat which morphia produces.

"No. Well, I'm not surprised. As I told you, you won't hear anything."

Vane was silent for a moment; then he said, quietly enough—

"I have been dining at Lord Warlock's."

Senley Tyers looked at him with sharp interest.

"Yes. Lucky man! I know no house in London where one is more certain of getting a good dinner and——" He stopped and scanned Vane's wan, thoughtful face keenly. "Well?"

"Well," said Vane with a long breath, "I almost asked Lady Florence to be my wife."

Senley Tyers was silent a moment, and if Vane had looked up he would have been considerably startled by the expression which flitted across his friend's face; but he kept his eyes on the ground.

"You did?" said Tyers. "And—and she?" he put the question breathlessly.

"I said 'almost,'" said Vane grimly. "Before I could do so, Lord Warlock woke and asked me where—where 'Ernest Mortimer' was? The name—the name alone—drove through my heart like a sword," he went on, "and—and I left the question unfinished, and—and came away."

He tilted his hat off his burning forehead and looked at Tyers, who stood with his face turned from Vane.

"It is a pity," he said at last.

"A pity?"

"Yes, a pity that he awoke, my dear Vane. Such a marriage would be your salvation—and hers."

"Hers!" Vane exclaimed.

"Yes! My dear fellow, you know, you must know what her answer would have been. You know why she has refused offer after offer, why she, the loveliest woman, one of the richest in London, has remained single! She has been waiting, waiting for your lordship to glance her way."

"No, no!" said Vane.

"But I say 'Yes, yes!'" retorted Senley Tyers. "All the world, excepting your purblind self, knows it. My dear Vane," he went on eagerly, "it would be the most splendid match for both of you; for you because you want—forgive me—money; and for her because she wants you! See! And you hesitated!"

Vane knit his brows.

"I—I could not. When Warlock mentioned her name, the name he knew her by, her face rose before me, I heard her voice, I—I felt her arms round my neck, and—and I thought——"

"Thought, thought!" broke in Senley Tyers with subdued ferocity. "Thought such as yours makes fools of us all! I've told you that Nora Trevanion cares nothing for you, that she left you because she did not love you, and hated the thought of marrying you!"

"But—but you may be mistaken," said poor Vane with a cough.

"Mistaken!" echoed Senley Tyers. He stopped and stepped in front of Vane, his thin, slight figure contrasting with Vane's stalwart form. "Look here, Vane; I am your friend, am I not?"

Vane nodded.

"I can claim some indulgence. If I have kept back something from you, you will admit that I have done so from the best motives?"

"Kept back!" echoed Vane. "What?"

Senley Tyers glided to the cabinet and took a letter from it.

"Read that," he said. "I received it a week—more—ago. I kept it from you because—well, I though it best. No one likes to deprive a friend of all hope!"

Vane read the note. It was written in the stiff hand of a person who has just learned to write, and, take it altogether, was a credit to Mr. Senley Tyers, who was not a forger by profession.

"Dear sir," it ran—"Do not think any more about me. I could not marry you, because I do not, and never could, love you. But I am grateful to you for all your goodness; very, very grateful. I am with friends who take the greatest care of me; and I should be quite happy if I could know that you forget me, and do not think me ungrateful."

There was a blot or two, and a couple of words scratched out, as if the writer had experienced some difficulty in wording the note. It was, indeed, a very clever production, and one which would have deceived a cuter man than poor Vane.

Its effect upon him was profound and indescribable.

He held it in his hand, staring at it in silence for fully a minute, then he looked up and laughed—the laugh of a man who sees his last hope disappear.

"Why—why didn't you give me this before?" he asked hoarsely. "No matter. I understand. My poor Nora, my poor child!" He hung his head, and Senley Tyers drew nearer to him.

"You understand at last," he said. "Give me the note and let me burn it, and so have done with her."

But Vane folded the letter and put it in his pocket.

"I—I am glad she is happy," he said. "That's a weight off my mind. She says she is happy—you noticed that?"

Senley Tyers nodded.

"Of course she is happy. Haven't I told you so? Shouldn't we have heard of her long before this if she hadn't been? Where are you going?" For Vane moved towards the door.

He looked over his shoulder at the sallow face with its keen eyes.

"I don't know quite. And yet, why shouldn't I? She at least, if you speak the truth, cares for me——"

The cough stopped him, and he drew on his gloves mechanically.

Senley Tyers followed him at the door.

"Look here, my dear Vane, if you are a sensible man you will secure your own happiness and Lady Florence's—and at once. Why should you sacrifice your life and hers—and hers, my dear Vane—to a chimera! Nora Trevanion is lost to you for ever."

Vane broke from him and strode down the stairs. He was in the mood in which desperate men do desperate things.

"Twenty-three Carlton-terrace," he said to the drenched cabman.

The rooms were full when Vane entered. Most of the members of the Cabinet were present with their women-folk. It was a political gathering, just flavored by the fashionable element, and while the men gathered in groups and talked political "shop," the women sat about in warm alcoves exchanging society gossip.

Vane, with a buzzing in his head and a sensation as of a tight band round his heart, made his way round and about the various groups of politicians exchanging a word with one and another, to the end of the big saloon.

And at the very end he saw Lady Florence. She was sitting with the wife of one of the statesman, and though she was apparently listening to her, it was evident to Vane that not one of the good lady's sentences reached Lady Florence's brain, for he knew too well the expression of absent-minded preoccupation which sat upon Lady Florence's beautiful face.

He crossed the room, and at his approach she raised her head. Instantly its expression of intense boredom changed to one of interest and—yes, of welcome.

"So you have come!" she said, and something in her voice caused the statesman's wife to rise, and with a smile and a few words to Vane, to move away and leave the decks clear.

"Yes," he said.

He sat down beside her in the alcove, where they were as little likely to be disturbed as if they were in her father's room next door.

"What an incongruous and miserable affair a reception is at this time of year!" she said, her heart beginning to beat with a wild hope.

"Yes," he said. Then he faced round to her and looked into her eyes.

"Lady Florence, just now—just before I left you, I was about to ask you a question."

"Yes," she faltered, fingering her bouquet of costly orchids.

"The earl interrupted me or I should have asked you if—if—" his voice grew thick and husky, "if you would be my wife."

Her face grew colorless, and the bouquet dropped into her lap. For her it was the surprise moment of her life—a moment she had desired, as the dying desire life—a moment she had often dreamed of, but never dared to picture.

"Will you be my wife, Florence?" he said gravely, steadily, as if he had considered every phrase carefully. "I know that I deserve a refusal, and your contemptuous refusal. I am a poor man——"

She lifted her eyes for a moment with an expression that signified her indifference to that fact.

"——I am a poor man, without rank or—or in any way worthy of winning you, but if you will say 'yes' I will do my best, my very best, to make you happy. I know that you are far too good for me, too good in every way; that there are over so many better men who deserve to win you: but if you will consent to be the wife of a poor man, a man who is of no account whatever, I will—" he paused, and ended lamely enough—"I will do my very best to prevent you ever regretting it."

Not one word of love had he spoken. He had, indeed, refrained, purposely or not, from mentioning the word; but drowning men—and women—catch at straws, Lady Florence Heathcote caught hers. Her color came and went, and her soft white hands writhed together.

"Are you sure that—that you want——" she murmured.

"Yes, I want you, Florence," he said, and for the moment he believed what he said. "You will make me happy if you say 'yes.'" He drew a long breath. "You know all about me. I'm no great shakes. There are heaps of better men——"

"But not for me," she said, and she turned her face to him with a rapt look which filled him with remorse, for he saw that she loved him while he—God help him!—he was still enthralled with Nora Trevanion.

"Then—then?" he said doubtingly, hesitatingly.

Her voice, almost inaudible, sang like a love song; she drooped towards him, so that, being a man and human, he was bound to put his arm round her and kiss the lovely face.

But even as he did so, that other face—Nora Trevanion's—rose before him.

"Dear Florence!" he murmured, though his voice sounded as if it belonged to some other man.

"Vane!" she whispered, her hand closing on his as if she longed to realize her glorious possession. "And—and you love me, only me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

RISKED HIS LIFE.—There is a story of an old darky who was very fond of fishing. Day after day he used to be at the end of the pier with his line and hook and generally with a group of little darkies around him, with their hooks and lines. One day one of these boys lost his balance and tumbled in. The water was over his head, and it was apparent, if he did not get help, he would drown. Then the old darky threw down his rod, jumped in, and rescued the boy. A spectator was much impressed the old man's heroism. "He is your son?" he said. "No, sah—no relation." "Then you risked your life to save that of a child who was nothing to you, which makes your act even more heroic." "Well, you see, boss, dat miserable chile had all de worms in his pocket."

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

BY W. S.

Courage, brave heart, nor in thy purpose falter;
Go on and win the fight at any cost;
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done;
Through sun and storm, with courage all undaunted,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters;
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hour of midnight
The star of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged,
And storm-clouds almost hide Hope's light from view,
But you can pass where other feet have trodden;
A few more steps may bring you safely through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors,
By patient toil each difficulty past,
You then may see these days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.

Of One Summer.

BY L. M. W.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

TEHANDAR paused, as if waiting for an answer. "I am rich, rich," he whisper. "In my own country I am a prince—a rajah; but if I have not you I am poor. But you will say yes—yes, I feel it!"

The strong will triumphed. Avice bowed her head.

"It shall be, then, as you wish," she returned wearily. "Yes; I will marry you some day—some day," she repeated, as if to reassure herself. "But now, let us go; the rest are waiting."

She turned away, a strange bewildered feeling in her heart; and Tehandar followed her, a triumphant light in his dark eyes.

"Your congratulations, Mrs. Douglas," he said, suavely as they parted in the hotel hall. "Miss Avice has consented to be my wife."

Mrs. Douglas looked amazed. Somehow, it had never entered her head that Avice would marry Tehandar Mutwanee the thing was absurd on the face of it; and she determined to take her young friend severely to task when they got upstairs, dim visions of Miss Marchmont's wrath disturbing her peace of mind; but the hall was too public a place for a "scene," so she smiled her congratulations politely.

One person, however, looked gravely displeased as he noted the Malay's look and Avice's evident shrinking from notice and that person was Oliver Westall. A student of nature from his earliest days, he had been strangely attracted by Avice from the first night of her arrival; and if hitherto we have said nothing about him, it is because he had always been content to stand aside and watch with critical eye the different phases of human life which are so plentiful in a little place like Strath Carron.

Avice had always greeted him kindly with the bright sweet smile which seemed like a ray of warm June sunlight let loose on the world, and for that reason, more than any other, Oliver Westall took a deeper interest than ordinary in the girl's welfare.

"What a pity!" he murmured, shaking his head sadly as he retired to his own room to dress. "She was such a sweet girl; and he—— Well, I don't know what her parents can be thinking about!"

And latter on, as he wrote to his particular chum, Jack D'Arcy, he told him the little episode, with a few cynical observations of his own on the vanity of all human things, intended for his friend's benefit and his own comfort.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Douglas, conscious, perhaps, of having somewhat neglected her duty to Avice, was satisfying the qualms of her own conscience by reproving the girl severely for her "rash and foolish engagement," in a manner not calculated to soothe or calm her decidedly agitated spirit.

Did Miss Marchmont know anything of the affair? she inquired at length, having exhausted all her other arguments—or her father?

Avice was obliged reluctantly to admit that neither of them knew anything of the matter. Her father was comparatively a stranger to her, and as for Miss Marchmont—well, for some inexplicable reason, she declared that she had not been able to write about Tehandar Mutwanee to her aunt, except once, and then no notice whatever had been taken of her announcement. "Even though I said he was a friend of papa's!" she added, as if to remind Mrs. Douglas that this was the case.

But Mrs. Douglas refused to be reminded and began attacking the first part of her assertion.

"Why couldn't you write to your aunt about him?" she asked in some astonishment not unmixed with incredulity. "It is so silly to talk like that, as if any one were preventing you?"

"That's just what I felt!" began the girl eagerly. "My tongue—I mean my pen—— Oh!" she exclaimed, "I simply couldn't write it—that was just what I felt."

Mrs. Douglas began to grow slightly alarmed. Was it possible that the excitement of it all was affecting the girl's brain? Was this man exerting some strange occult power to fascinate the girl, and lure her into his toils? The idea was absurd; but still, Avice herself was half an Eastern by blood, and Eastern people were very excitable.

And her suspicions being confirmed in a degree by the girl's flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes, she promptly sent her to bed, saying as she did so, "I shall write to your aunt myself to-morrow, and then we shall see."

But the morrow unexpectedly brought Mr. Sacharty to the hotel to see his daughter; and in the private tete-a-tete which Mrs. Douglas had with him, he soon convinced her that the match had his entire approbation, and declared that he himself would acquaint Miss Marchmont with all particulars.

To tell the truth, the easy-going matron was not sorry to relinquish the task to him, for she stood in considerable awe of the grave spinster, who was more her husband's friend than her own, and did not care to risk an explosion of her ire.

To his daughter herself Kilmur was kinder to her than he had ever been, and joined his entreaties with those of Tehandar for a speedy wedding.

"It would be so nice, you know, if you could go out with him when he goes back," he said one day as he and Avice returned from a ramble among the hills. "He has such a lonley life, poor fellow, and in spite of his wealth is often very miserable, for lack of a woman's help and comfort."

And Tehandar himself murmured the same in her ear as they sat together under the shades of the pine trees, or wandered up and down the heathery brae drinking deep draughts of the pure strong mountain air; and his words, so often repeated, yet always with some tender variation, seemed, for all their pleading, like commands that could not be disobeyed, until at last, Avice, in spite of herself, was obliged to consent, and promise to marry him soon—yes, very soon; when she did not say, but it should be soon.

She was looking dreadfully ill and worn, poor girl; so much so, that others besides Oliver Westall were beginning to notice it, and to say to each other doubtfully that being engaged did not seem to agree with Miss Sacharty.

The fact was that she was perfectly sure in her heart of hearts that she hated Tehandar Mutwanee, hated him with all her soul; and yet she could not, do what she would, shake herself free from the fascination which he exercised over her. She longed intensely to be able to snatch off her betrothal ring, a costly one of curious workmanship, and throw it in his face, retracting at the same time her promise to be his wife—and still she dared not.

The power of his superior will seemed entirely to have dominated here; and with the calm gaze of those unflinching eyes upon her, she felt that had he commanded her to hang herself she could not have disobeyed.

"If Aunt Amelia were only here!" she moaned as she tossed restlessly from side to side in the dark night hours—"or Mr. Standish?"

But she would not have been able to tell them anything if they had been, for she had tried many a time to write a statement of the case to her aunt; and every time, as she told Mrs. Douglas, an indefinable something seemed to stay her hand, and she could not write it.

It was with considerable surprise one morning that she received a letter from Miss Marchmont, enclosed in one to her father, in which she urged her niece to consent to a scheme which Tehandar had proposed a few days before—that they should be married that very week by special license in the Episcopal church close by.

"It would be so nice," her aunt wrote, "for them to spend their honeymoon together in London; and although she herself, on account of the infection, could not be present at the ceremony, she would join them in town, and they would have a few delightful weeks together before they went to India."

Avice could hardly believe her eyes as she read this unexpected letter. Opposition on her aunt's part had been the one straw to which she had clung, and now this had failed her! Well, since things were so, there seemed nothing for it but to submit to fate, or rather to the irresistible will of Tehandar Mutwanee.

"That girl I told you of in my last is going to be married, it seems, on Saturday," wrote the cynical Westall to his friend the next day; "and this is Tuesday! There seems something a little uncanny to my mind in such very quick work. Poor little Miss Sacharty—did I tell you that was her name?—she does not seem to thrive on her wooing. Let us hope matrimony may have a more salubrious effect!"

CHAPTER IV.

JACK D'ARCY was a universal favorite, and in that respect he differed considerably from his chief friend, Oliver Westall, and closely resembled Humphrey Standish. Perhaps that was the reason why Humphrey singled him out from among all the other guests at Mr. Campbell's shooting-box as the one whom he chose chiefly to honor with his society. However that might be, before they had been a week at Inverarran they were the closest of friends, and felt as if they had known each other all their lives.

"Odd thing, isn't it? how different some people's destinies are from what they ought to be," said Mr. D'Arcy one evening, as he and Humphrey sat talking together in his room after they had retired for the night. "Some people, whom to look at you would say were born for happiness and prosperity, are just the unluckiest beggars on the face of the earth, and vice versa. There's a case in point," he went on presently between the whiffs of his cigar, finding that Humphrey did not answer, "in something my friend Westall told me in a letter the other day. He says there's an awfully charming girl staying in the hotel he is at—a perfect marvel of everything that's charming, according to him; indeed, if it weren't old Oliver, I should declare that he was in love with her himself. And now, this priceless paragon, this goddess in human form, is going to marry a wretched old foreign fellow—a Malay, or something of that kind—a chap whom everybody seems frightened of, and whom she herself, according to him, detests, or at anyrate does not care two pins about. Now, what the dickens does a handsome girl—one who could marry whom she chose and when she chose, want to go and tie herself for life to a man who isn't even an Englishman—or even a European, but a wretched Oriental, brimful, doubtless, of deceit and underhand ways? Pah! the thing makes me sick." And he looked very much disgusted.

Humphrey did not say anything. He was thinking of Avice's mother.

"I only knew one Malay," his friend resumed, "and he was a scoundrel. An out-and-outer I can tell you. His name was Mutwanee, and I never had such a desire to see a fellow-creature hanged as when I was talking to him. He came over in the ship I came from the Cape in, at the beginning of this month—or, rather, it was the end of last. I shouldn't wonder if this were the same fellow," he added, meditatively; "and if so, I pity the girl. He has two or three wives already."

It was growing too late for any more conversation just then; but the next morning, after breakfast, D'Arcy joined Humphrey on his way upstairs.

"It's the queerest thing I've heard for long," he cried, glancing at an open letter in his hand. "You know that fellow Mutwanee I was talking of last night. Well, it seems that he is the very fellow whom this Miss Sacharty is to marry. I wonder her people——"

"Who did you say the girl was?" interrupted Humphrey hoarsely, clutching as if for support to the balusters. "Miss who?"

"Sacharty," rejoined the other, startled by his voice and manner; then, catching sight of his white face, he added: "Why, Standish, man, what's up? You look as if you were going to faint!"

But Humphrey by a supreme effort managed in a great degree to regain his self-composure.

"I'm all right," he returned. "But, come in here; I want to hear all I can about it."

With a rueful thought of the shooting he would miss, Jack followed his friend into the deserted smoking-room and told him all he knew. It did not amount to very much after all, being merely the little scraps in Oliver Westall's letters; but it was enough to draw a low groan of horror from the startled and dismayed Humphrey.

"It is some fiendish plot of her father's," he cried fiercely. "Av—Miss Sacharty could never have consented to such a thing of her own free will!"

Then, after a moment's pause, he went on more calmly:

"Does your friend say whether her aunt knows of it? Is she also in the game?"

"No," returned D'Arcy, glancing at the letters in his hand; "there is nothing about an aunt, only a note that the girl herself is a half caste. But if you know the aunt, you might be able, if not to stop the marriage at once, at least to delay it till she comes. And remember, I know the fact that Mutwanee has at least three or four other wives. There was one fellow on board who knew him very well, and I daresay we could get hold of him somehow as a witness. He knows all his past history."

"Ah," returned Humphrey gravely, "I think then I'll go off to the nearest town and telegraph to Miss Marchmont—fortunately, I know her address—and then I shall be able to decide on my course of action. To-day is Thursday, so there is no time to be lost."

Then, after a moment's pause, he added apologetically:

"I'm afraid I've spoilt your day's sport for you, old fellow! What a nuisance you must think me! But you see—I know Miss Sacharty very well, and the thought of her danger!" He broke off abruptly and covered his face with his hands.

D'Arcy looked compassionately at him.

"Never mind the shooting, old man!" he returned with attempted levity. "Those other chaps can't bring down all the partridges, you know. And I tell you what, I'll come down to the town with you; the walk will do me good!"

Humphrey pressed his hand gratefully, and hastily putting a few things into his traveling bag, in case of having to go to Strath Carron, he set off with his friend.

"We'd better stay here till the answer comes, I think," remarked D'Arcy as they turned away from the telegraph office. "There will be more chance of a speedy answer then."

It was not till the afternoon that the reply came, however. Humphrey tore it open with trembling fingers, scarcely daring to read the scrawl on the pink paper inside. D'Arcy impatiently looked over his shoulder.

"Come, cheer up, Standish!" he cried cheerily; "the old lady's on your side at anyrate!"

And thus encouraged, Humprey read the message, which ran as follows:

"Delay marriage. S. no power over A. Am starting directly. Rely on your help."

"Well, now, as you've got your bag here, I think your best plan would be to go off at once to Strath Carron, and, armed with this warrant, to beard the lion in his den." And D'Arcy set his face in the direction as he spoke.

Humphrey followed him. "Yes, that would be best," he returned; "there's no time to lose."

There was no train to Strath Carron till eight o'clock. "And you won't get in till latish, I should say, sir," continued the station-master in reply to his anxious question. "The quick trains are all in the forenoon."

"What time will I get there if I go in the morning?" inquired Humphrey quickly.

"Well, sir, ye'd maybe get there about ten o'clock, if ye took the quarter to seven. That's the best train o' the day; it disna stop but twice on the road."

"I think I'll wait for that," said Humphrey, turning to his friend. "I can't do any good arriving in the middle of the night."

"It widna be before twelve o'clock," put in the station-master by way of comment.

"And it might do harm," continued the young man, not heeding the interruption, "by putting them on their guard."

D'Arcy acquiesced in the wisdom of this argument. "Shall you stay in the town for the night, then?" he inquired as they left the station.

"Yes, I think so. It would be awkward coming in so early, wouldn't it? But I'll

walk a bit of the road back with you."

And they turned away together into the quiet high-road which led to Inverarran.

"It's awfully good of you to have helped me so!" cried Humphrey, when at length they parted. "I should never have known about it if it hadn't been for you!"

"Pooh! my dear fellow, it was nothing," returned the other, giving his hand a hearty shake. "I hope I'm not such a monster as to see a girl sacrificed when I can help her."

"Poor fellow!" he muttered to himself afterwards as he watched Humphrey's tall form facing away in the distance. "He's very hard hit, and no mistake."

The quarter-to-seven train amply justified the station-master's boast, and punctually at ten o'clock Humphrey stepped out on the bare-looking station of Strath Carron. The hotel—there was only one of repute in the place—was not far from the station, the porter said; and it was without much difficulty that he found himself at last at its door.

The waiter assured him that Miss Sacharty—he had not dared to ask for her father—was upstairs; and upstairs he accordingly went, and, motioning aside the obsequious waiter, entered the room before he had stopped. Avice, who was seated in a low chair by the window, raised her head listlessly as he entered; then seeing who it was who had thus invaded her solitude, she sprang up with a little cry of joy. "Mr. Standish!" she exclaimed, advancing quickly towards him—"Mr. Standish!"

Humphrey noted with distress how white and fragile she had grown, and how hot was the little hand which he held so tenderly in his. "Miss Sacharty!" he said sorrowfully, "what have they been doing to you? You look like your own ghost!"

A sad little smile crossed her face. "It is nothing," she returned, with attempted lightness, "nothing at all. I am quite well."

"Quite well!" he echoed reproachfully. "Why should you pretend to me your old companion of so many delightful weeks, that you are quite well, with a face like that! I suppose next you will say you are quite happy!"

The girl's lip quivered at his words, but she determined to put a brave face on the matter. "I ought to be," she returned, her trembling voice belying the words. "Don't you know that I'm engaged?"

"I have heard so," he returned gravely; "but I cannot and will not believe that it is by your own free will. Tell me truly, now, is it not so?" He looked at her eagerly, imploringly, but with a quiet steadfast faith in his own assertion that seemed for the time to nerve her enfeebled will.

"No," she replied, in a low tone, so low that he could scarcely catch the words—"no, it is not by my own free will."

"I knew it, I knew it!" he cried joyfully. "But tell me, how could any one persuade you to take such a step?"

Slowly, bit by bit, with the effort which showed how strong was the influence Mutwanee had upon her, she told him the story of the past few weeks; and ere she ended, Humphrey had decided on his course of action.

"Is your father in?" he inquired abruptly, as she finished speaking. "No? And Mr. Mutwanee?"

"He is out too."

"Good. Then don't let either of them know I'm here. Remember, whatever that fellow asks you about me, you are to tell him nothing. And be assured whatever happens I will save you." With these words he left her, and went in search of Mrs. Douglas, with whom he had a long and earnest conversation, at the end of which it was agreed that Humphrey should lie perdu in the town until the next day, and he should allow the marriage to begin before he appeared to stop it. "Otherwise, they may escape us yet," he added oracularly.

There were not many people in the hotel who knew of the tragedy which was being enacted in their midst, Sacharty was very close about his private affairs, and Mutwanee had his own reasons for wishing to keep things quiet. The wedding was fixed for eleven o'clock, an hour when most of the visitors were at the baths; and when the time came there were few in the little church beyond the bride and bridegroom themselves. Of course Oliver Westall was there; he considered it his duty to see "see the last of that poor little girl;" and the Digby Brownes had also turned up, but beside them there was no one.

As they walked up the silent aisle, Mrs. Douglas noted how anxiously Avice's eyes glanced from side to side in search of Humphrey; and on pretence of arranging her collar, she managed to whisper:

"It will be all right—only trust."

The girl answered by a grateful smile, and the ceremony began.

The clergyman, a nervous little man, had concluded the general exhortation, and was beginning the particular charge to the betrothed couple to declare if they knew of any lawful impediment to their marriage, when steps were heard coming quickly up the half-darkened aisle, and Humphrey's voice rang out clearly in Avice's ears and in those of all present:

"This marriage must not proceed."

The words fell like a thunderbolt on all except Avice and Mrs. Douglas, who had been in a measure prepared for them. The timid little clergyman dropped his book in terror and gazed at Humphrey, who was followed by two constables, much as a pigmy might look at a giant.

Sacharty was the first to recover himself. "Must it not?" he inquired sneeringly; "and why, pray?"

Then, recognising Humphrey's face, he continued with exaggerated politeness:

"Perhaps, Mr. Standish, you will be good enough to explain the reason of this most unwarrantable intrusion."

Without deigning a reply, the young man turned to the clergyman. "I come," he said quietly, "on behalf of Miss Sacharty's legal guardian, to stop this marriage as an iniquitous and illegal affair. This person"—indicating Mutwanee, who stood erect and defiant, evidently determined to brazen matters out as best he might—"this person is not a Christian, and has, as can be proved if necessary, several wives already in his own country."

Timid little Mr. Strachan looked horrified, and edged farther away from the foreigner.

Humphrey meanwhile had given his constables instructions to detain the two confederates, and then taking trembling Avice by the hand, he led her away, leaving Oliver to take charge of Mrs. Douglas.

But Mutwanee had no intention of submitting to his fate without a struggle. Twisting his supple form out of the detaining grasp of the constable, he drew a revolver from his inner pocket and leveled it full at his captor.

The constable, quick as thought, sprang aside, and the contents of the chamber were lodged in the heart of the wretched Sacharty, who fell back without a groan. The other constable, thus released from guard, advanced swiftly towards the Malay, who was preparing for a second shot, and suddenly wrenching his weapon from his grasp, slipped a pair of handcuffs on him, and, assisted by his comrade, marched him off to the town prison, there to await his trial for murder and attempted bigamy.

It was with difficulty that Humphrey succeeded in conveying Avice back to the hotel, for the poor girl's nerves were so shaken by what she had gone through that she could hardly stand; and when at last they did gain the hotel hall, she looked so dreadfully ill that he was fain to relinquish her into the hands of Mrs. Douglas, who insisted on sending her at once to bed.

As he stood watching her feebly mounting the stairs, Andrew touched his arm. "Beg pardon, sir," he said; "but there's a telegram come for you a while since;" and he handed him a salver with an ominous-looking envelope on it. Humphrey opened it hastily. It was from Jack D'Arcy. "Aunt telegraphed, coming Strath Carron this morning about twelve." It was then about a quarter to.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed, replacing the paper in its envelope—"thank goodness!" Then turning to Andrew he said hurriedly: "Just tell Mrs. Douglas that I am going to the station. I shall not be long."

The waiter turned to execute his order, and he set off.

The train was late, as trains generally are when one wants them to be punctual, and it was fully a quarter past twelve ere it steamed into the station. There were very few passengers for Strath Carron, and Humphrey easily distinguished Miss Marchmont's spare form among them. She looked anxious and troubled; but a smile of genuine pleasure crossed her face as Humphrey greeted her.

It changed to a look of alarm when he told her how dreadfully upset Avice was, and as soon as they reached the hotel she rushed up-stairs to see her darling niece. Avice was tossing about in a restless sleep, talking fast and almost incoherently as she turned from side to side. Mrs. Douglas sat watching her with a troubled face, which, however, brightened as Miss Marchmont entered. She felt that she could now shift part at least of the responsibility of the nursing on to her.

And a heavy responsibility it was; for the doctor, whom Miss Marchmont had at once summoned in her alarm, declared that the girl was suffering from an acute attack of brain fever, induced by th excitement of the past few weeks, and he could not say what the end might be. "She may recover," he said doubtfully as he went down-stairs with Miss Marchmont the next day. "Yes; with care she may recover; but I tell you frankly that I fear the worst."

As a rule, Dr. Forsyth was a hopeful individual, who preferred looking on the bright side of things, and thus his ominous words struck a chill into the hearts of Miss Marchmont and Humphrey. The latter was hanging about the hall, as he usually was, waiting for the slightest news of Avice; and he walked to the end of the road with the doctor when he departed, trying to win some crumb of comfort and hope from him.

When he returned, he found that a passenger had arrived from the police court with a polite request from the superintendent that he would come and speak to him on a matter of grave importance. Sick at heart he set off, and when he got there he learnt to his horror that Tehandar Mutwanee had been found dead in his cell that very morning. A post-mortem examination had been determined upon, as they could find no visible cause of his death. "And I thought" continued the official blandly, "that you might know something of the deceased's habits, something that would give us a clue to work upon."

But Humphrey knew nothing, and so was suffered to depart. A few days later he heard that the doctor's report had been "Suicide by poison." But he did not pay much heed to the matter, for he and Miss Marchmont were too much occupied with anxiety about Avice, who was hanging between life and death.

As the doctor had predicted, she had a hard fight for life; but at last, though as weak as a child, she was pronounced out of danger, and entered upon her long convalescence.

It was months before she regained anything like her old health and spirits, and for long the least allusion to the events of September upset her so terribly that the subject was never mentioned. At last one day, of her own accord, she asked where her father was; and then Miss Marchmont gently told her all; and how she need never fear Tehandar Mutwanee again. There was a short pause, and then she went on hesitatingly: "What was that letter you talked about so often in your illness, Avice, one from me sanctioning your marriage?"

Avice looked puzzled for a moment, then she said: "Oh yes! I remember." And for the first time her aunt heard the story of the letter. "I felt as if my last hope had gone then!" the girl added as Miss Marchmont stroked her wasted hand thoughtfully.

That lady did not speak for a few moments. "I did not write it," she said at length quietly. "Kilmur must have forged it himself."

And then, since he was dead, and they were loth to speak ill of him, the subject was dropped for ever. Humphrey coming in a little later, found Avice alone, for Miss Marchmont had suddenly recollected an errand she had in the town; and there, in the quiet light of the spring evening, he told her how he loved her; and hand in hand, the glory of the setting sun lighting their faces with its dying rays, they plighted the troth which was to last "till death us do part."

[THE END.]

FAN FLIRTATIONS.—When a lady uses her fan from inward, from space to the body, it means that she is not engaged. If, however, this inner movement is made by fanning in a downward direction, it means she is a widow; if in an upper direction, that she has never been married. A closed fan held upright means "shut up." An open fan, resting on the breast, means "silence." A closed fan, presented to you horizontally, means an invitation to dance; presented by the small end, means you are a Jerusalem zoological; with one leaf open, "friendship;" two open leaves, "sympathy;" three, "love and passion." A "talking fan" should be composed of seven leaves, to correspond with the seven days of the week. A circular movement of the fan means "we are engaged." Spelling may be done with it when the bearer is certain of her spelling.

IT IS WELL to get clear of a Cold the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

Scientific and Useful.

SHEEP.—Sheep need good care. It is seldom that a sick sheep fully recovers its health, and prevention of disease in sheep is far better than attempted cures.

LOCOMOTIVES.—Electric locomotives are proving themselves to be well adapted for use in coal and other mines, and they now furnish the motive power for hauling cars in about 30 mines in the United States.

HOME GAS.—An improved system of increasing the illuminating power of common house gas by burning the fumes of heated oils in conjunction with it, consists of a metal oil holder, into which coal gas enters through a tube, and leaves it through other tubes, passing to the burners. It is so placed that the burner heats the oil and drives off from it vapor, which mixes with the gas before burning. The apparatus is fixed to the pipe or gas fitting.

NEW METER.—A gas company is introducing in the lower part of New York city a unique contrivance that has proved popular in England. It is a pay-as-you-burn, or, rather, pay-before-you-burn, gas meter, modelled on the principle of the familiar nickel-in-a-slot machine. The meter is chiefly for the use of persons whose scanty incomes oblige them to buy things in small quantities. The meter will accordingly be placed in tenements, although any gas consumer who wants one may have it.

ELECTRIC MOTOR.—An electric motor attachment has been applied to the Gatling gun, which promises not only to more than double the destructive capabilities of that particular machine, but to effect a great advance in the efficiency of all machine guns. The motor is detachable, is of one-horse power; is very small, weighing but a trifle over 50 pounds, and is placed in the breech of the gun, amply protected. The motor increases the present rate of firing, 1200 shots a minute, to more than 3000 shots a minute.

CHLORINE.—Liquid chlorine is now being prepared on a large scale in Europe for use in chemical work. The gas is liquefied by a special form of pump, and is kept and transported in iron or steel cylinders, which themselves weigh about 100 kilograms and hold 50 kilograms of liquid chlorine, equivalent to about 15,000 liters of chlorine gas. The density of the liquid chlorine is about 1 23; at 15° C. its pressure is 6 kilograms; at 35° C it is 10 atmospheres. The cylinders are tested for more than 100 atmospheres.

Farm and Garden.

POTASH.—The potash in the soil is mostly in the form of a silicate, which is not readily soluble. All other forms of potash are very soluble. When lime is added to the soil it assists in breaking up existing combinations and renders the inert matter of the soil more easily taken up by the roots of plants.

HIGHER PRICES.—When grain is held back for a higher price there is a loss occurring all the time. It will lose its weight by shrinkage, and rats, mice and weevil will destroy a portion, while there is the loss of interest and the cost of storage, and the price may go down instead of increasing. All of these risks should be considered.

SEEDS.—To test seeds, take a sample, place them between two cloths, and keep them damp, in a warm room, for a few days. It is conceded that if ninety per cent. of the seeds germinate they are in good condition. When seeds are planted many of them are destroyed in various ways, while the birds also secure a large portion.

CULTIVATION.—Slovenly cultivation is a waste of labor, because it accomplishes no object. A crop that is not thoroughly cultivated is not cultivated at all, and a small yield results from the lack of a little more labor that would double the crop. Work is of no value unless properly applied, and it must be completed before it will receive its full reward.

PLOWING.—Half a century ago there were some sections in which the farmers could not be induced to use any plow but one drawn by a single horse, and the depth of plowing was very shallow. They would not turn up the least portion of the subsoil. To-day the farmer does not fear to use the largest plow and to go quite a depth in the soil, and the result is that the land is much better prepared for crops.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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The Value of Manners.

It is a very common thing to hear those whose education has been neglected attribute their want of success in life to the failure of their parents to provide them with the amount of schooling that would have made them master of the reading, writing and ciphering that are used in the ordinary transaction of business; and the people who complain in this way—very naturally, no doubt—will often add that their children shall have the advantage of opportunities that were denied to their parents.

It is a most laudable ambition, and one can never see unmoved the anxious endeavors of parents to give their children a fair chance in the world; but in many of these cases the first thing that strikes a sympathetic observer watching the poor who wish to see their children rise is that, in spite of their expressed desire to give the youngsters a good start, they are in many ways—insensibly, it may be, but still very pronouncedly — neglecting the education which they could give at home to the children; nay, worse they are holding them back by ingraining in them bad habits that will cling to them for many years and partly disqualify them for social advancement.

We talk a great deal nowadays about education as an essential condition of success, but we seldom recognize the fact that want of manners is almost as fatal as want of learning; vulgarity handicaps a man as heavily as ignorance. If that lesson could be firmly implanted in the consciousness of every man and woman of the lower-middle and working classes, what an incalculable advance would be made within a twelvemonth in the manners and taste displayed in the average home!

One of the greatest enemies to the poorer American's child is the fear that the father and mother have of appearing fine in manners, though they will often be proud of fine dresses. More attention is paid to the clothing of a child than to its habits, the parent forgetting that in after-years dress will matter very little, but the power to walk and talk and eat and drink properly among those who are in a position to which the ambitious aspire, will be very helpful, while vulgarity will be like a leaden weight to the lad or lass whose home-education has been neglected. It is this fact which we wish to bring home to the minds of those of our readers who may be wishing to advance themselves or to see their children rise.

Let us take the natural development of a clever lad who has been brought up in a home where vulgarity is the dominant feature. He leaves home crammed full of disagreeable habits and usages that unfit him for mixing with his betters. If he were once asked to appear among people who live in a decent way, it would be only for once.

He is kept down, not by his poverty or lowliness of origin, but by the label of vulgarity that is on him. Probably he is unaware of his deficiencies; it is only as they are forced on his notice one by one that he recognizes them. Each lesson comes with a sense of shame. His uncouth manners have become habits, and he cannot readily throw them over.

But, if he conquers his imperfections and comes to a knowledge of pleasing manners, then what must his attitude be towards his parents, who have brought him up in ignorance of the rules of behavior common to all decorous people? He can hardly prevent himself from feeling ashamed and pained when he has to introduce to parents who are heedless of manners his new friends of the life to which he has climbed. The parent who neglects to teach his child how to behave as the world has agreed to behave is not only severely handicapping the lad, but he is adding gall to the pleasure with which he may see the lad succeeding, for the want of the manners necessary for pleasant intercourse will place a barrier between father and son.

It is not that the taste of mannerly society is faddish and exacting. The boorish man irresistibly conveys the impression that he absolutely is inferior to the man with trained and delicate perceptions. Yet there is no reason at all why any set of men should labor under this disadvantage.

It is chiefly the fault of parents in that they neglect to give their children a kind of home education that would not cost anything, that may be acquired by rich and poor, high and low alike, that is a splendid endowment and equipment for after-life, and that brings with it enjoyments of its own.

Parents may not be able to give their children the best scholastic education—for that involves a long expenditure of time and a large expenditure of money—but they can ensure that whatever education a lad has shall be set off by pleasant manners, and that it shall not be obscured and nullified by vulgar habits.

The argument applies not only to the civilized usages and decencies of sensible society, such as the avoidance of noise, self-display, contradictiousness, glaring incongruities in dress, or vulgarity in eating or drinking, but to the nicer shades of speech and manner which may hardly be expected from those who live a rough and trying life, but which often uncomfortably mark off the self-made man from the man of education and life-long refinement.

We are not saying that ungrammatical speech is a barrier that worth cannot overleap, or that uncouth manners spoils a good man; but they are drawbacks that might very readily be overcome if they were adequately felt as drawbacks. Some who read these lines may realize that their manners and habits would make them uneasy if they were suddenly to rise to the height of their earliest ambition, but it may now seem too late to alter.

That however does not absolve them from the duty of teaching their children such behavior as will smooth their way in after-life to any position that may be attainable. There is no preventable handicapping in life's race that is more hampering than vulgarity. The making of such handicapping impossible is a duty for parents, for manners are chiefly formed in the home.

IN the constitution both of our mind and of our body, every thing must go on right, and harmonize well together to make us happy. But should one thing go wrong, that is quite enough to make us miserable; and, although the joys of this world are vain and short, yet its sorrows are real and lasting, for I can show you a ton of perfect pain with greater ease than one ounce of pleasure. And he knows little of himself, or of the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow; therefore, give a wise man health, and he will give himself every other thing needful.

IT needs a very thorough knowledge of any one to pronounce upon his courage or his cowardice—a knowledge impossible to an ordinary observer. The same is true of every virtue and of every defect. They all take different forms in different individuals, and are variously modified by other qualities so as to elude even the deepest and most delicate investigation.

TO despise and defy custom as a whole is simply to show our ignorance of its real nature. On the other hand, it is equally absurd to depend upon it, as if it were infallible. The very fact that it has continually improved is conclusive evidence that it will continue to do so, and we should help and not hinder the good work.

THE unseen is greater than the seen. The friend that you love is not the form that is visible to your eye. It is the unseen spirit, the soul that is invisible to sense, that awakens your affection. The outward and visible has no power over the heart, save as it is a symbol for the unseen intelligence that accompanies it.

HE that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance, for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. A man cannot in any given case by any sudden and single effort will to be true if the habit of his life has been insincerity.

THERE is nothing so beautiful as beautiful manners. Perfect courtesy is the flower and fruit of all perfect breeding. It is the one all-potent and all-determining quality, and, when fulfilled to the utmost, it touches within the limits of that which is divine.

IN every pursuit of life it is the effort, the preparation, the discipline, the earnest labor that makes the valuable man in every department, not the mere fact of his occupying this or that position.

NOTHING more surely marks the moral advancement of man than his increasing power to identify himself and his own interests with those of larger circles of humanity.

To give a suggestion, or even serious advice to, another may be kind and wise, but to progress either beyond certain limits is both rude and impolitic.

THE great condition of all pure enjoyment is to have the heart free from every root of bitterness, every feeling of envy and discontent.

NO man is prepared for the morrow; but the morrow prepares itself for every man, and so prepares every man for itself.

THERE is one day in the week to go to church, and there are seven to love thy neighbor as thyself.

MELANCHOLY is the putrefaction of stagnant life, but it is remedied by exercise and motion.

OH, only those whose souls have felt this one idolatry can tell how precious is the slightest thing affection gives and hallows.

NO life can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Kerosine or paraffin is an excellent thing for polishing glass with.

STRAYED.—Ventriloquists have not the power of throwing their voices, but so modify them that they are made to appear the required distance necessary.

DIANA.—No child should be put upon its legs at all till it is quite a twelvemonth old. The bones of a baby are soft, and it is very often putting children on their feet too soon, that produces malformation of the joints. Many a child is a life-long cripple through being allowed to walk too soon.

ANN-CHOVY.—The wigs worn by English judges date from the reign of Charles II. Before that period they wore a cap, a cornered hat, or a coif, and a moustache and beard. Then a periwig was introduced from France, A. D. 1666, and the face was shaven. Doctors wore a wig also at that time.

G. R. L.—The Zuyder Zee in Holland was once dry land, but the sea broke over it about 1282. The water in many places is shallow—only four or five feet deep. It is practically an inland sea, which at one time covered an area of 12,000 square miles; but about 400 square miles of this have been reclaimed. It is proposed to reclaim the remainder.

HIGH.—The red glow of the planet Mars has puzzled everybody but a French astronomer, who gives it as his opinion that the vegetation of that far-away world is crimson instead of green. He also says that he hasn't the least doubt but that there are single flowers on the war god's surface which are as large as the incorporated limits of Paris.

MABEL.—The form of poem called acrostic is derived from the ancient Hebrews. With them it consisted of twenty-two lines, or stanzas, each commencing with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet (consecutively). There are twelve such poems in the Bible, the most remarkable of which is Psalm cxix., the divisions of which are still marked in one translation by the letters of the alphabet.

INQUISITIVE.—We believe that the origin of calling the terrible taint in the blood, known as scrofula, King's Evil, had reference to the tradition that the touch of the sovereign could heal the disease. From the reign of Edward the Confessor to the time of Queen Anne hundreds of persons assembled together annually to go through the ceremony, and a special form of public prayer was read on these occasions.

MONTREAL.—For the study of art and music you can make no better choice of a residence than Dresden. At the same time, if you could divide your time, we think Geneva would answer your purpose, and, furthermore, bring you into the neighborhood of the Alps, which you should visit while on the Continent of Europe. From Vevey go to Berne, thence to Thun, and thence to Grindelwald. Traveling in Switzerland is not expensive.

COLUMBUS.—The first chart showing the American Continent was traced in the year 1500 by Juan de la Cosa, a pilot of Columbus, and has been preserved in the National Museum at Madrid. It displays the geographical knowledge of the period. It shows the West Indies (with Cuba as an island, instead of, as Columbus supposed until his death, a portion of the Continent), eastern South America, north of the Amazon and even some particulars of the discoveries made by Sebastian Cabot in North America in 1497.

IDA.—The Table of Kindred and Affinity in reference to the restrictions of the English law as regards marriage was drawn up by Archbishop Parker in 1563. The degrees were set forth "by authority," after having been defined by the Church, according to the Divine ordinance revealed in the Bible, and the laws of nature. "Affinity," is alliance by marriage; and "consanguinity," that by blood. The distinction between "Armenians" and "Arminians" is this: the former are Christians, holding unsound views, of the country of Armenia; and the latter are the followers of Arminius, a professor of divinity, of Leyden, Holland.

READER.—The Japanese do not raise chrysanthemums as ornamental plants, but cultivate them as edible ones. These are eaten as a salad after being steeped in water and then boiled. In Japan the flowers of the chrysanthemums constitute a truly popular dish, and during the months of November and December bunches of them, washed and carefully displayed, may be seen in the stores of all the dealers of vegetables. Almost all the varieties are edible, strictly speaking, but those to which preference is usually given are the ones with small deep yellow flower heads, and which are not so pretty as the varieties cultivated for ornament. The Japanese also eat lily buds.

MOTHER.—Because your children give evidence of precocious ability you should all the more endeavor to keep them back, and allow their physical powers to develop before the intellectual. Remember that a child's brain is quite soft till the age of seven. Amongst the ancients we find marvelous precocity almost invariably followed by early death. You may have heard of Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen instructed Marcus Aurelius in rhetoric, and triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece. At twenty-four he lost all his faculties, and completely forgot everything he had learnt. We have not time to give more examples, two having come under our personal observation, and both boy and girl died at about seven years old. "The sword wore out the sheath," as the old proverb says.

HER LOVE.

BY F. L. S.

In my poor cot there dwelleth not
A lady lulled in laces
And satins fine; none such is mine,
But very sweet her face is:
For God, when first her heart did beat,
Smiled on her face and made it sweet!

No jewels glisten on her hands,
Or e'er to love betrayed her;
Of all the ladies of the lands
She's just as God hath made her!
For when he made the morning, he
Made one rose for himself and me!

And close beside my heart I wear
That flower that fadeth never;
And if I pray 'tis but this prayer—
To keep that rose forever.
But lo! my lady comes, and she
Brings roses of her love to me!

The Queen's Pardon.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

WHEN, at the end of the year 188–, I was sent to take up the duties of Assistant-Superintendent of Police at Pyeemana, in the Hanthawaddy Division of Lower Burma, I was told before I left Rangoon that I should find there no lack of opportunity to distinguish myself; and I soon discovered how truly this hint reflected the condition of the district.

The country was literally overrun with dacoits, who found it a peculiarly favorable field for their malpractices. The villages were small, far apart, and, comparatively speaking, well-to-do; roads were practically nil; and boundless tracts of jungle and teak-forest afforded secure shelter for the light-heeled gang robbers who haunted them.

The police garrisons were few, and consisted entirely of Burman constables, whom their lawless compatriots utterly despised.

Of the numerous gangs which lived upon the peaceful inhabitants, the largest and most mischievous was one led by a man named "Boh Hlan."

This outlaw was a species of Burman Robin Hood, and he owed his long immunity from capture to his cheap generosity. He was the terror of wealthy cultivators whose houses were worth looting, and the unfailing friend and pardon of the poorer classes.

What he stole with one hand, he lavished broadcast with the other; hence information which might have enabled the police to arrest him was particularly difficult to obtain.

To compass the death or capture of this man was the chief end of my professional life during the first months of my stay at Pyeemana. For weeks together I hunted his gang from cover to cover and from village to village.

Such jungle-work during the hot season is not conducive to health of either white man or native. By the time the "rains" were due, my constables were completely worn out by the hardships of their life, while I myself almost incapacitated by repeated attacks of fever, brought on by sleeping out in marshy jungle and living on the poorest diet.

At intervals I took my men back to Pyeemana, to let them rest and recruit; but these much-needed holidays from dacoit-hunting never lasted very long.

Sometimes an alarm from a remote corner of the district drew us out on a wildgoose chase; or impatient despatches from headquarters asking what was being done, and how I explained the continued paralysis of trade in my locality; or private letters from my superiors, urging me to renewed effects, drove me out into the forests again with followers scarcely fit to carry their own rifles.

I was thoroughly sick of the whole business, and would have done anything to get rid of the perpetual worry, when I was surprised by a visit from the officer in charge of the Police Department.

He had come to Pyeemana to "inspect," for which ordeal I was quite prepared; but besides inspection, he came to give me new and unexpected instructions regarding the attitude I was to assume towards the dacoits.

"The Government," he said, "has determined to try what effect an offer of Pardon will produce on these fellows. Do you think any of those who are harrying your district would come in if promised free pardon for past offences?"

I considered the question carefully. Although we had failed to bring down or arrest any of the outlaws, we had kept them so remorselessly on the move that they had had no time to do mischief for the last two months.

No man grows tired of his business sooner than an idle dacoit, and Boh Hlan had made no raids worth anything lately. I therefore answered in the affirmative. I believe many would "come in" if they could be convinced they might do so without fear of the consequences.

"Very good," said my chief. "You are empowered to treat with the dacoits in your district on these terms: full pardon to every man who had not a price upon his head who comes in and gives up his arms before the 31st July next. See what you can do."

He went away next day, leaving me to my own devices. I cannot say I relished the idea of carrying out these instructions. I was obliged to confess to myself that with the means at my command I could make little headway against the storm of crime; but to offer free pardon looked too much like admission of disability to be palatable to me. However, the order had been given, and I resolved to turn the chance it offered to the best account.

I lost no time. I determined to begin with Boh Hlan, who chanced, quite undeservedly, not to be one of those for whose head a reward had been proclaimed. He was the greatest pest I had to deal with, and, moreover, he had his band so well in hand, that if he consented to apply for pardon I felt certain his entire following would do the same.

So, an hour after Colonel X. had gone, I sent an orderly to summon the old phoongyee (priest) who was the occupant of the tiny monastery outside Pyeemana. The person of a phoongyee is peculiarly sacred even to dacoits; and I subjected the old man to no risk in appointing him my ambassador to Boh Hlan.

The phoongyee soon appeared, and entered the verandah of my house at the slow stately pace observed by the Buddhist priesthood..

He had been a tall man; but now he was bent with age; and the yellow robe which had fallen from his shoulder discovered a frame as gaunt and shrivelled as that of a mummy. With his shaven head, sunken eyes and cheeks, and dry parchment-like skin, he looked a messenger more fitting to carry tidings of Death than of Peace.

Infirm though he appeared, he was still active both in body and mind; and when I had explained what I wanted with him, he readily consented to "help the Government side."

Could he ascertain Boh Hlan's present hiding-place, and make his way thither? The old man bowed; he had no doubt he could—if he went alone.

Then would he attempt it, and deliver with his own his lips the message I wished given the dacoit chief? He would, certainly, if I would write the message down.

I did what he required, and begged him to go soon; and having received the old man's assurance that he would start at once, I dismissed him, praying that success might attend his mission.

How or where he found the Boh, I did not think proper to inquire; but five days afterwards, he reappeared, looking if possible a shade more withered than before.

"The Boh," he began without any preliminaries, and in the matter-in-fact tones he might have used in delivering a casual message from a next-door neighbor—"the Boh is willing to treat with your honor, and names a place of meeting."

"Very good!" I exclaimed. "You have indeed done well!"

The old phoongyee smiled at me pityingly. "Boh Hlan's words were these," he continued: 'Tell the police officer to come and meet us at Thongway village a week hence. He must come alone and without arms. If he carries any weapon, we shall know his fine words are lies.'"

I could not repress a gasp of astonishment and dismay. The phoongyee fairly burst out laughing.

"Of course your honor will not go?" he observed.

"Yes; I shall," I replied, though my heart was beating like a hammer at the prospect of such an encounter.

"The old man may counsel the young," said the phoongyee respectfully. "If your honor go to Thongway, he goes to his death."

An opinion given by this man was well worth consideration; but continued failures and official "wiggings" had made me reckless; and I was not in a mood to listen to reason.

Here at last was a chance of doing something tangible; it was literally "neck or nothing!" but I had no idea of missing it. I therefore warmly thanked the old phoongyee for his services and his kind advice; but reminded him that if I declined to meet the Boh even on such preposterous conditions, it would produce a very serious effect on the state of the country.

Would he oblige me by seeking out the dacoit leader again, and telling him I would meet him at Thongway on the day named?—my adviser flatly refused; he would help no man to his death.

"Did Boh Hlan say he would be there on Thursday?" I inquired.

"Your honor, he did; but"——

I cut the old gentleman short, and told him he had permission to go home to his monastery. This was Monday, and I had no time to waste in fruitless argument.

I did not grow more enamoured of the plan as I thought over it. Boh Hlan was a thorough scoundrel. I could not forget that I had, in our only skirmish, with my own gun wounded him in the arm; and he was not likely to have forgotten it either. But I was determined to meet him. If he consented to "come in," I should score a good mark at headquarters: if he played me false——

Thongway was a small hamlet of notoriously bad repute, lying under the Shan Hills, about fifty miles away. If the dacoits agreed to lay down their arms and give up their business in return for pardon, it would be no easy matter to persuade them to come in as prisoners and go through the form of trial, as the authorities required: they would never consent to follow me back tamely on such terms.

I therefore resolved to take the whole police force I had at command, encamp at a spot I knew of, about ten miles from Thongway, and bring them in under guard; always supposing they meant fair play. I did not care to ponder over the alternative.

I pass over the two days' march to the place I had selected for my police encampment. We arrived there late in the evening, very thoroughly done up by our wearisome tramp in the heat of the sun, and all hands turned in early.

The following day was that fixed for the meeting at Thongway, and tired as I was, idle speculations on the task to-morrow had in store kept me awake all night.

I was up at daylight, making my last preparations, and my sergeant orders to be carried out in event of my non-return; but I did not set out for the rendezvous until the sun was high.

The residents of Thongway were to a man friends of Boh Hlan: and if I appeared first on the ground, they were not likely to lose such an opportunity of taking my head as an acceptable gift for their patron. They might have learned from the Boh that their village had been chosen as a meeting-place; but more likely not; and I preferred to run no unnecessary risks.

Giving my sergeant the only orders I could depend upon his carring out—namely, to return with all haste to Pyeemana if I failed to appear before midnight, I took my stick, filled my pockets with biscuit, and started for my destination.

The country through which the path to Thongway led was very lovely; open and grassy, splendidly timbered, and wonderfully rich in orchids, whose blossoms gleamed, pink, yellow, red, and white, from almost every bough; while the darkly-wooded hills rose to a height of five thousand feet right before me.

I remember the scenery now, though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. I don't think I am more of a coward than most men, but I do not mind confessing that I walked that ten miles to Thongway in a condition of unspeakable "funks."

I reached the belt of jungle which surrounded the village at a little distance, about eleven o'clock; and when I emerged on the open paddy-land which lay between me and the cluster of bamboo huts, I paused to pull myself together and try to discover whether the dacoits were true to their tryst.

I could see no one in the village save a few romping children; but on moving a little farther to the left, I saw a crowd of men squatting in the shade of a clump of elephant bamboos, a little way on the far side of the hamlet.

So far so good. I wiped the perspiration from my face and hands and strode forward. My heart sank a little lower as I drew near, for I saw that every man of the assembly was armed. That did not look as though they intended peace.

The screams of the children, frightened by such a strange monster as a white man, spared me the trouble of announcing my arrival to the dacoits. They rose with one accord and, making very unnecessary display of their dahs and spears, began to slouch towards me in twos and threes.

I took my stand under a huge tree, and threw up my hands to show I was unarmed, according to agreement.

Then, actuated by somewhat mixed motives, I shouted in commanding tones to the advancing dacoits: "Lay down your arms! I will not speak with any man who approaches me with dah, spear, or gun in his hand!"

The effect of my speech was far from satisfactory; every man stopped, paused for a moment, and then slunk back to the shade, where all sat down again.

I did not like this. It denotes that the dacoits were in no good humor, and I wished myself well out of the place.

But having forbidden them to come near me armed, it would never do to retract, and I sat down on the ground to consider my next move.

It was not left to me to make one. After twenty minutes of hot discussion the dacoits appeared to have formed some plan of their own.

Four men very deliberately set up bamboo tripods and squatted down to rest their guns on them, in accordance with the Burman's practice when he means to take a good aim; then one man, carrying an antiquated carbine, was pushed and scolded out of the group, evidently charged with a message to me.

He came very slowly, and I could see he was in a terrible fright; but I was growing painfully anxious to open negotations, and rose to receive him, holding out my hand and trying hard not to look at those four levelled guns.

"Come here," I said persuasively; "I have no arms."

The man grinned the sickliest grin I have ever seen on human countenance, and stammered out something relative to my thaynatgalay (pistol; literally, small gun). As well as I could make out, his friends had sent him to ascertain that I had not a revolver concealed about me. They did not believe I would come without it, and would like to be quite sure.

This was more reassuring. I held up my hands again, and begged the trembling messenger to come and satisfy himself.

"Come!" I said as persuasively as I could—"come, and look all over me. Look! I take off my coat, that we may see I have pistol." I threw my kaki jacket on the ground and held up my hands again. The fellow took heart of grace and came nearer.

"Turn round," he requested. "They will shoot you dead if you kill me."

"I can't kill you," I replied shortly, as I turned slowly round for convenience of inspection. "I didn't come here alone to kill any one; I came to talk to Boh Hlan about this matter of pardon."

The man grunted an assent; and having ascertained that the bulky contents of my coat-pockets were nothing more dangerous than biscuit and cheroots, bawled to his companions to "Come!" Those gentry then laid down their weapons and obeyed, laughing and talking with insolent deliberation.

Five minutes more, and I found myself the centre of a tightly-packed crowd of squatting figures, who stared at me as though eyes could kill. I did not feel easy by any means, hemmed in on all sides by ruffians to whom murder was child's play, and whose lives I had been diligently seeking for the past five months.

No attempt to hustle me was made; but the expression on every one of the lowering savage faces told how light a word, how slight a slip of the tongue, was necessary to set them at my throat.

Now and again I caught some half-jeering observation as to my helpless condition there in their midst; and I was half tempted to hurl some scathing challenge to them which would ensure my death at once, and leave them an inheritance of bullet or rope.

All were talking at once, to me and at me, and my patience was sorely tried before a momentary lull gave me a chance of making myself heard. It came at last after the very worst quarter of an hour I ever spent, and I made my speech.

In brief, I explained the terms on which pardon would be granted; insisted strongly on the increase of the Punjaubee Military Police, then in process of organization; reverted again to the pardon now offered, and exhorted them to take advantage of an opportunity that might not occur again.

"Now, Boh Hlan," I concluded, addressing the leader, who was squatting almost on my feet, "what do you say?"

The man ran his finger nervously over the unsightly lumps on his chest which marked the spots where charms had been

let in below the skin, and said "he would like to talk it over."

"It is good," I replied, breathing more freely. "I am here to talk with you."

"I have here," said the chief, raising his arm and showing a puckered white scar, "a wound from your gun. Moung Tait has a wound on his leg; many of us have received hurts from the police."

The Boh's reference to wounds was followed by a slight commotion; half-a-dozen men stood up to show newly-healed bullet-wounds, and some, hideous suppurating sores which made me sick to look upon.

"The police guns have made these wounds," said Boh Hlan, looking at me fixedly.

My rising hopes sank to zero again. An ominous silence reigned over the gang for a couple of minutes, and I did not care to break it.

"The police guns made these wounds," repeated the Boh as stolidly as before.

The man was evidently playing with me, or trying to work upon the vengeful feelings of his men. If I gave their resentment time to hatch, my life was not worth an hour's purchase. I felt that my voice trembled when I spoke.

"Those men who have been wounded," I said, "will be taken into the Government Hospital and cured. Or if they prefer it, they shall have as much English medicine as they please."

I was unutterably relieved to see the general approval those remarked evoked. The dacoits' brows cleared, and in my heart I gave thanks for the Burman's unshakable faith in the efficacy of "English medicine."

I followed up my advantage by lighting a cheroot, and after taking a pull or two at it, I passed it to the Boh; he hesitated a moment, for smoking one cheroot, turn about, is only practised among friends and neighbors; but finally he accepted it, drew a full mouthful of smoke, and handed the tobacco to the man to next him.

A better understanding being now established, the dacoits became anxious to hear more about the intentions of the Government.

Over and over again I had to reiterate that not a man who gave himself up should have a single hair upon his head cut off; that they would be brought before the judge and pardoned without delay; and that they should have nothing whatever to fear from the police after their release; they might live wherever they pleased and do what they liked.

After two hours' hard assertion and promise, I drew out my note-book and asked Boh Hlan point-blank if I should write down his name as an applicant for pardon. He hung back a little, but at length gave way; and soon I was taking down names as fast as I could write. I was delighted with the success of my foolhardy errand; but I was not yet out of the wood.

"Now," I said, closing my book, "there are still some men who have not asked to come in. I will come back to-morrow and give them one more chance."

"Where are you going?" demanded the Boh curtly.

"To my camp, ten miles from here," I answered.

"Are the police there?"

"Certainly."

A loud murmuring arose from the crowd, and the Boh made no attempt to quell it. Clearly the information that the police were so close at hand disturbed them.

"Bah!" I shouted at the top of my voice, "what would it matter though the police were here in this village? They will not hurt you now."

But the alarm was not to be so easily allayed.

"You must stay here to-night," said Boh Hlan firmly, turning to me.

"If I do not return," I answered, "my men will think I am killed, and will go quickly to Pyeemana. The Deputy-Commissioner will then send five hundred men out after you."

The Boh laughed. "For how many months have you been trying to catch me?" he jeered. "But you shall not go. How can I tell but that you will return at once with your police to-night, they being so near at hand? Now you know where we may be found, you will again try to shoot us."

There was no arguing with such obstinate distrust as this; but the position was exceedingly awkward. I could not go without the dacoits' sanction, and to remain would inevitably bring out an expedition to avenge my imaginary murder. All I had half-done would be undone, and more besides, before matters could be explained.

"I will stay," I answered, recognizing the necessity; "but you must send two of your men to my camp with the letter I shall write, and those two men must remain with the police as hostages."

I was agreeably surprised by the Boh's ready consent to this arrangement; and without delay I sat down and pencilled a note to my sergeant, explaining my delay and bidding him detain the messengers.

I did not sleep much that night. I occupied a hut with the dacoit chief and a dozen of his men, who were as wakeful as I was.

The outlaws talked all night about my visit to them, and the probability of the Government keeping its promise of pardon. They seemed unable to believe that it was not a ruse to make prisoners of them, and several predicted that their fate would be death or—even worse to the Burmese mind—exile to the Andaman Islands.

Some boldly voted that I should be killed as I lay (supposed) asleep, and that an attack should be made on my police camp. This suggestion found several supporters, and for an eternity I lay listening while my fate was shuttlecocked to and fro.

In vain I listened for Boh Hlan's voice; either he was asleep, or held aloof from the debate, for he did not speak a word until, in the advanced hours of the morning, a hot dispute began between some of his band regarding their conduct on the following day. Then he delivered his own decision, straightforwardly enough.

"Silence, you!" he cried. "Listen! This English police officer is alone, and he cannot take any man against his will. Those who like may run away. I believe the Englishman has spoken truth, and I shall follow him to Pyeemana. Those who will may follow me."

Not another word was said; and worn out with anxiety and fatigue, I fell asleep.

I was up at dawn, eager to start back to camp before the dacoit chief should change his mind. I found that five of those who had promised submission had thought better of it, and had bolted; but Boh Hlan and twenty-seven of his men professed themselves ready to accompany me. I was a proud man when I marched into my camp at the head of this file of dacoits.

I need not linger over the sequel. The gang gave up their arms and assumed the role of prisoners with a good deal of murmuring; and their reproaches did not decrease when they were committed to the lock-up to await their formal trial. That ordeal took place almost immediately, and they were set free on promising to be of good behavior for the future.

The impression this treatment made upon them was evidenced in a remarkable manner. Within a month of their dismissed, pardoned, no fewer than eighty-seven dacoits came in voluntarily and gave up their arms.

Thus my trip to Thongway bore fruit more valuable than I in my most sanguine moments ever dared anticipate; but I should not care to go through the experience again.

The Curse of Conder.

BY E. T. C.

"The Earl, who a foreign bride hath won,
Shall slay for certain his eldest son;
And the dreadful deed be duly done
The day the first-born is twenty-one."

SO the curse of Conder ran: therefore, for many generations, none but English brides were brought home to reign at Castle Conder. But at last it came to pass—during the life of the eighth earl—that his son, Hugh, Lord Aveling, when traveling through Europe, lost his heart to a lovely German Countess. Very beautiful was the Countess Hilda; albeit somewhat strange and mysterious, living alone, without kith or kin, in her old castle in the heart of a German forest.

The country-folk said she was a witch and feared her as such: anyhow (whether her witchcraft lay only in her youth and beauty or in something supernatural) she bewitched Lord Aveling to such a degree, that he braved the family curse and married her.

But in so doing his lordship did not deceive his bride: he first told her how the dreadful legend ran: and the Countess Hilda looked at the handsome Englishman and loved him, and in the strength of that love calmly defied Fate. Nevertheless Hugh dared not tell his father what he had done; so, during the life of the Earl, Hilda lived on in her German home, while her husband spent his time between Germany and Castle Conder.

During one of Lord Aveling's visits to England, a little son was born in the gloomy German castle; and Hugh hastened back to his foreign home in mingled joy and dread—joy in his son and heir, and dread that that the awful curse might be fulfilled in him.

Little Alan inherited all his mother's wonderful beauty; and, in his delight in mother and child, Lord Aveling gradually forgot the terrible doom looming in the future, and gave himself up to the bliss of the present. Hilda never spoke of the curse; and her husband fondly hoped that she had also ceased to think of it—or, if she did, that she had learned to regard it as an old wives' fable.

When Alan was ten years, the Earl of Conder died; and then at last Earl Hugh was able to bring his beautiful wife and child home to Castle Conder. Every one gave a warm welcome to the lovely Countess, with the exception of Lorenzo, an old Italian astrologer, who had lived at Castle Conder longer than any living person but himself could remember; and who knew the awful secret of the overhanging curse.

When the ninth Earl told Lorenzo of his marriage, the astrologer grew pale and trembled; and sat alone in sorrow for many a day afterwards, murmuring to himself: "Fate is stronger than all things! Fate is stronger than all things!"

But after a while a great friendship grew up between Lorenzo and the Countess Hilda; for the wise old Italian had far more in common with the deeply-read German lady, than he had ever had with generations of handsome but unlearned sons of Conder.

Alan (now Lord Aveling) developed into a bright and beautiful youth beloved by all who knew him; and especially by his father, who cherished him as the apple of his eye. There were no children, and consequently all the Earl's life was bound up in his only son. So deeply and absorbingly did Lord Conder love his child, that the fulfilment of the curse seemed absolutely impossible; surely Fate herself was powerless against such a love as this!

The Countess was very fond of Alan; but her heart's deepest devotion was given to her husband, who in return adored, though he failed to understand her; he was simple and straightforward, more given to sport than to books, and the mysterious and beautiful woman whom he had married was always more or less of a puzzle to him.

But there was one other person to whom young Lord Aveling was the very sun and sum of existence; and that was a deformed and half-witted dwarf, who had played with the Earl's son in bygone days, when Alan was living with his mother in the German castle, and Karl's home was a little lodge at the castle gates.

Alan was so fond of this poor creature, that the Countess brought the dwarf with them to England to be her son's special servant; and the faithful idiot gave himself body and soul to his young master's service, and would gladly have laid down his life any day to gratify a passing whim of the handsome lordling.

And so life rolled smoothly on at Castle Conder, until Lord Aveling was twenty-one.

* * * * * *

Although the Earl of Conder had almost taught himself to laugh at the family curse, he had enough superstition left to induce him to make most careful preparations for his son's twenty-first birthday. He to kill his adored only child?

The idea was monstrous—absurd; nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, he decided to go away from Conder for Alan's birthday, and not to return until after midnight, when the fatal day would be over, and the danger past for ever.

Lord Aveling, of course, had not been told of the doom which over-shadowed his young life, and his father never meant him to know anything about it.

But the Earl was haunted by a faint dread, that, since he refused to fulfil the cruel decree of Fate, she might employ some other tool to do her hateful bidding, and that Alan might still meet his death on his twenty-first by the hand of some unknown assassin; therefore Lord Conder gave strict orders that during the tenth of December (Alan's birthday) no one should be permitted to leave Castle Conder, and no one should be allowed to enter its gates; and then the good Earl rode away, feeling that such a love as his for his only child could safely defy even Fate herself. But old Lorenzo shook his head and muttered: "Fate is stronger than all things! Fate is stronger than all things!"

Slowly passed the tenth of December for the Earl of Conder; but every hour found him less melancholy than its predecessor, as it brought him nearer to the time when Alan's birthday would be over, and the terrible curse would have lost its power.

The short winter's day drew to a close, and the softly falling snow looked dazzlingly white in the silvery moonlight—far whiter and purer than it had seemed in the feeble glare of noon.

The approach of midnight found the Earl riding homewards, full of anxiety as to what might have befallen his beloved son in his absence. He fully trusted all his retainers however; and as they had received his strictest commands that no one should leave or enter Conder during that day on any pretext whatever, he felt sure that danger could hardly have come near to Alan.

Great then was his horror, on drawing near to the entrance of the long avenue, to perceive the figure of a man trying to scale the high wall at some distance from the gates.

The Earl drew rein, and called to the intruder to stand still, which the latter did for a moment in the shadow of the wall, shouting at the time a defiant answer; but, on seeing that the Lord Conder was coming nearer to him, the stranger again commenced his perilous ascent; and in a panic of fear that this midnight wanderer should prove to be his son's assassin, the Earl took aim and fired.

In so doing he bent forwards, and the moonlight fell full upon his face, which was thus revealed to the mysterious intruder, and simultaneously with the Earl's shot, a piercing cry of "Father!" rang out on the still night air.

Then the unhappy man realized in a flash of anguish that, in spite of all his precautions, the terrible curse had been fulfilled, and in his agony he fell senseless to the ground.

At that moment the village bells chimed the hour of midnight, and Alan's twenty-first birthday was over.

* * * * * *

When the Earl of Condor gave such strict injunctions to his household that no one should leave or enter Castle Conder on that fatal day, he reckoned without his host—that is to say, without his son and heir. Obedience (especially to what he regarded as an arbitrary and meaningless command) did not come easily to a spoiled child like Lord Aveling.

Moreover it chanced that the young man had fixed the evening of the tenth of December for a tryst with his lady-love, the fair Blanche of Belton. For some time past Alan and Blanche had loved each other; but Blanche's father (who knew the dread secret of the Conder curse) refused to give his consent to their betrothal until Alan's twenty-first birthday was over.

The young people resented this (to them) inexplicable embargo, and stole a march upon the arbiters of their fate, by a succession of secret meetings in a wood upon the borders of the Belton estate.

Thither would Blanche, escorted by a faithful old nurse, frequently repair to meet her handsome lover; and poor Karl, who always followed Lord Aveling upon these (as, indeed, upon all other) occasions, had attached himself to the lovely girl with a devotion only second to that which he bore his young master.

It so happened that the accursed evening of the tenth was one of these trysting times, and Alan swore to himself that nothing should prevent him from keeping his word, and meeting Blanche in the woods of Belton.

With his help of his devoted servant—who was as ignorant of the curse and its connection with that day as Lord Aveling himself—Alan managed to escape from Castle Conder without any one's knowing of his design except Karl; for the dwarf had all the cunning of a half-witted person, and succeeded in diverting the attention of the sentinels whilst his master eluded their vigilance.

Alan met Blanche and her old nurse as usual; and after spending a happy hour in the Belton woods—happy in spite of the blinding snow and the biting cold because love was there—Alan and Karl retraced their steps, and set their faces towards Castle Conder.

But their progress through the deepening snow was so slow, and the miles in consequence seemed so long, that it was growing very late when the fugitives reached the high wall that surrounded Conder.

As they were about to scale the wall (Alan first, as was his wont, and Karl in close and faithful attendance), a horseman accosted them; but he was too far off for

Lord Aveling to recognize him, and, the hot blood of the young nobleman boiled with rage at a stranger's thus daring to interfere with his designs; he was already far later than he intended to be, and his impatience would brook no further delay, so he haughtily answered the unknown traveler, and again attempted to ascend the wall. The horseman took aim and fired; and, as the moonlight fell full upon the rider's face, Alan recognized his father.

But the love which had so blindly followed Alan all his life was not going to fail him now. The faithful dwarf—quick to see everything which affected his beloved master—perceived that master's danger before even Lord Aveling recognised it, and flung himself between Alan's heart and the Earl's pistol. And the Earl's pistol shot Karl dead, but left Alan uninjured.

Great was Lord Conder's joy, on recovering consciousness, to find that his son was saved, and that the devoted dwarf had borne the curse on his own head, and given his life for his master's. And though Alan grieved sadly and sincerely for his faithful servant and former playfellow, he knew that Karl could have chosen no more blessed fate than to be allowed to die for him whom he had loved so dearly and served so devotedly all his life long.

* * * * * *

So joy reigned once more at Castle Conder, and the young heir's coming-of-age was kept with all due festivity. The betrothal of Alan, Lord Aveling, to Blanche of Belton was formally announced, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. But Lorenzo old and weary, and had forgotten the power of love; and he could not understand how a half-witted dwarf should have been able, in the strength of a purely unselfish affection, to appease Fate and to bear the curse in his master's stead.

"I cannot comprehend it," muttered the aged astrologer; "for Fate is stronger than all things! Fate is stronger than all things!"

"Except a man's love," answered the Earl.

Years rolled on, bringing children's pattering feet and children's ringing voices to brighten the stately halls of Conder, and to gladden the hearts of the good old Earl and the still beautiful Countess; whilst Lord Aveling and his fair wife, Blanche, grew handsomer and happier as the days passed by.

But Lorenzo was old and stricken in years, and knew that at last his long, long life was drawing to a close: and still he pondered on the mystery how the might of a poor fool's love had had power to annul the dreaded curse of Conder. And one day it came to pass (when his end was very near) that the Countess Hilda sat beside the dying astrologer and said to him;

"Lorenzo, if I tell you a secret, will you swear never to reveal it, either to my husband or to any other living soul?"

And Lorenzo swore a great oath that neither to her husband nor to any other living soul would he reveal the secret the Countess of Conder was about to impart to him.

Then the Lady of Conder told her story:

"You know, Lorenzo, that my son Alan was born during one of my husband's visits to England: but he was not my only child. I had twin sons—the elder, a sickly and deformed dwarf; the younger, a beautiful and healthy baby. I was ashamed of the former, and could not bear to think that this hideous scrap of humanity should inherit my handsome husband's title and estates; while the other child—of whose strength and beauty any mother would have been proud—could only receive the portion and the rank of a second son.

"Then I remembered the awful curse of Conder; and it suddenly flashed upon me how I could evade the consequences of that dreadful doom; and how I (who had brought this cruel fate upon my beloved husband) might rescue him from the sorrow thereof. So, entrusting my secret to only one or two of my most faithful servants, I gave the elder child to the wife of one of my lodge-keepers to rear as her own; and presented my beautiful Alan to my husband on my return as his only son. The wretched little dwarf developed into an idiot: and when I left Germany I brought him with me to England, where not a soul except myself was aware of his secret. You, Lorenzo, know the rest. My beloved husband believes that the devotion of the dwarf to Alan was great enough to appease Fate herself: and not for the world would I undeceive him, and let him know that his elder son was indeed slain by his own hand, and that

"The dreadful deed was duly done,
The day the first-born was twenty-one."

After hearing this startling recital, Lorenzo was silent for a time; and then murmured to himself:

"I knew it, I knew it; no devotion could appease an inexorable Fate. Fate is stronger than all things! Fate is stronger than all things!"

The Countess smiled her strange, cold smile. "Except a woman's wit," she said.

The old astrologer gazed at her beautiful face for a moment in speechless admiration, and then replied:

"The hand of relentless Fate shall prove
A stronger force than a strong man's love;
There is only one thing can conquer it,
And that is the might of a woman's wit."

Which is the story of the Curse of Conder.

A REMARKABLE EARTHQUAKE.

An old yet well recorded instance is the earthquake of Jamaica in 1692. The ground swelled and heaved like a rolling sea, and was traversed by numerous cracks, two or three hundred of which were seen at a time, opening and then closing rapidly again.

Many people were swallowed up in these rents; some the earth caught by the middle and squeezed to death; the heads of others appeared above the ground, while some were engulfed and then cast forth again with great quantities of water. Such was the terrible devastation that even in Port Royal, then the capital, where more houses are said to have been left standing than in the whole island besides, three-quarters of the buildings, together with the ground they stood on, sank down together with the inhabitants, entirely under water.

The large stone houses on the harbor side subsided, so as to be from 24 to 48 feet under water; yet many of them appear to remain standing, for it is stated that after the earthquake the mastheads of several ships wrecked in the harbor, along with chimney tops of houses, were seen just projecting above the waves. A tract of land around the town, about one thousand acres in extent, sank down in less than one minute during the first shock, and the sea immediately rushed in.

The Swan frigate, which was repairing in the wharf, was driven over the tops of many buildings, and then thrown upon one of the roofs, through which it broke. The breadth of one of the streets is said to have been doubled by the earthquake. Sir Charles Lyell, in his book on geology, states that he was informed by the late Admiral Sir C. Hamilton that he frequently saw the submerged houses of Port Royal in the year 1780, in that part of the harbor which lies between the town and the usual anchorage for men-of-war, and that Lieutenant Jeffrey had seen the remains of houses in four or eight fathoms of clear water.

Out of the town the ruin was immense. Some plantations sank, and were covered in after years by a lake of fresh water; several tenements were buried in landslips; and one plantation was removed half a mile by a slide from its place—including growing crops and all.

Between Spanish Town and "Sixteen Mile Walk" the high perpendicular cliffs bounding the river fell in, stopped the passage of the river, and flooded the latter place. The Blue Mountains were much shattered and fissured, and their soil was set loose in landslips. We may add that among famous earthquakes may be enumerated that at Conception in South America, at Lisbon in the last century, and quite recently in the Greek island of Scio.

THE RULE OF THE ORDER.—Two monks, one a Dominican, and the other a Franciscan, traveling together, were stopped by a river. The Dominican told the Franciscan that, as he went barefoot, he was forced by the rule of his order to carry him across; that if he refused, he would commit a great sin. The Franciscan yielded to this observation, and took the other on his shoulders. When they were in the middle of the ford, the Franciscan asked the other if he had any money about him. "Yes," replied the latter, "I have two reals." "I ask you a thousand pardons, brother," rejoined the disciple of St. Francis, "but my order forbids my carrying money." And with these words, he plumped his man into the river.

A FATHER, troubled with a daughter of somnabulistic tendencies, squeaks a rubber mouse in her bed room just before she retires. She now remains in bed until morning.

There is no doubting the efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It cures every time.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The most popular works of fiction, as determined by the demand for them in all the libraries of the United States, are "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," "The Scarlet Letter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben Hur," "Adam Bede" and "Vanity Fair." Miss Alcott's "Little Women" stands twelfth on the list, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" thirteenth.

The London Echo tells who various people act when they are angry. The Prince of Wales winks his left eye rapidly; the Emperor of Austria puffs out his cheeks, the Czar lays his hand flat on the top of his head. We might supplement the list to any extent. Mr. Gladstone turns swiftly on his heels, as if executing a volte face; Dr. Tanner lays back his head and swears; the Sultan of Turkey draws his hand rapidly across his throat.

Sir John Evans says that "not even the trained antiquary is proof against the forger, and confesses that not only has he himself purchased forgeries, but has published accounts of them as if they had been genuine—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawals fails to annihilate. Counterfeits and forgeries abound in every department of archæology. Spurious manuscripts, inscriptions, gems, pottery, glass, enamels, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been foisted on collectors at different times and in various countries."

The boy named Brooks who first told Dickens about the Yorkshire schools is now a man of 80 years, living in Newcastle. A correspondent says: "He is a native of either Chatham or Rochester, and when a lad was sent by his parents to one of the Bowes schools. After being there for some time he returned to Chatham, where he used to meet Dickens, and chummed with him. In the course of their frequent walks my friend gave a full description of his life and all the hardships the boys had to undergo at the school. Whenever anything particular struck Dickens he used to slap his thigh."

A number of jewelers in Maiden Lane, New York, complain that the Gerry building has been painted a bright orange color, the reflection from which, falling upon their pure white diamonds, gives them a pale, sickly, yellow hue, so that a brilliant worth $1000 looks as if it was not worth $200, while a cheaper diamond looks like paste. Such an ungenerous reflection should be rectified, of course; but the principle would probably work both ways, and the item suggests that the dealers in paste gems might greatly enhance the beauty of their stock by a judicious use of paint of a complementary tint.

"Some ingenious fruit dealers of Paris have invented a way of coloring their wares in order to improve their market value," says an English writer. "They color ordinary oranges a deep red, making them look like mandarins, which fetch much higher prices. They also tint pineapples, to make them look more attractive, and dye the common white strawberries a lovely red. Melons are now being treated in a similar way, and tinted a fine orange, their flavor being increased by injecting an essence of melon. The latest development of this business is in connection with pears, which are dyed red a third of their size, and blue below, thus presenting the national colors when peeled. These are said to be in some demand for dessert fruit, on account of their novelty."

The marital relations of Wm. Newcomb, of Stafford Springs, Conn., are rather unusual. In the first place he married a Miss Moody, by whom he had one child, and from whom he was afterwards divorced. He then married Miss Moody's mother. He has since had a boy by his second wife, and an expert will have to be found to straighten out the family relationship. Mrs. Newcomb No. 1 is half sister to her husband's child, and is also step-daughter to her former husband. Mrs. Newcomb No. 2 is step-mother to her grand-daughter. The first child is a grand of its step-mother and niece to its half-brother. The second child is uncle to his half-sister and half-brother to his father's first wife. Newcomb is step-father to his former wife, and is step-grandfather to his own child.

The remarkable action of oil upon waves is well known. This phenomenon led the officers of the steamship Scandia, of Hamburg, to make an experiment upon the same principle that was very successful and appears to us worthy of mention. During its last trip to the United States, the vessel, while in midocean, was attacked by a very heavy storm. It then occurred to the officers to dissolve a large quantity of soap in tubs of water. Having thus obtained several gallons of soap suds in a very short time, they threw it overboard in front of the ship. The effect was almost instantaneous, and the vessel soon began to navigate without difficulty. The officers concede that although soap suds do not produce absolutely all the effects upon water that oil does, they at least suffice to break the force of waves in most

COLD FEET.—The connection between the head and feet is well known. A hot head is ordinally relieved by a hot foot-bath. So cold feet tend to congest the brain and other internal organs.

We have known person so accustomed to cold feet as to make no effort to warm them. In such cases there is either an imperfect digestion, or a feeble action of the heart, or a low physical state generally.

The whole system of such persons needs to be invigorated by careful exercise in the open air, by a generous diet, by thorough friction of the skin, and perhaps by a brief use of medicines helping the stomach and quickening the liver.

Sometimes cold feet come from over-action of the brain. In such a case the person must use his brain less and his legs more, not by "spirts," but habitually. He should take at least two solid hours from his study, his sanctum, his office, or his counting-house, and put them into such exercise as will send the blood at each heart-beat warm and strong to the tips of his toes; and that, too, without any violent exertion.

Sometimes cold feet are caused by tight-lacing or tight fitting shoes. But it is as much a suicidal act to hasten death by compressing the lungs or the feet as by compressing the neck with a rope. The God of physiology is the final judge.

Sometimes cold feet are caused by thin shoes—the owners of which must be left to die as the fool dieth. Sometimes they come from carelessness in the matter of overshoes, and wet feet—a carelessness for which, in the case of children, mothers are largely responsible. It is the duty of the latter to train their girls to right habits based on right ideas, inculcated from early childhood.

If the rising generation will keep their feet warm there will be a marked diminution in the general death rate.

Radishes.—Pare some young radishes and boil them as turnips, then mash, and add a little butter and pepper. Serve with melted butter.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. The great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

MYSIE'S CLIMB.

BY M. E. CROOM

"OH, Nellie," cried Mysie, running breathlessly down the hillside with her arms full of flowers and grasses which she had been gathering; "I'm sure there's something wrong with old Mother Bunch, for she is baaing as loud as she can, somewhere among the rocks up there," and the little maiden pointed away to the face of the hills which rose high behind them.

"How do you know it's Bunchie?" inquired the more cautious Nellie, looking round at the small flock the children were tending.

"She's not here, and I know her cry quite well. I think her lamb is in trouble, for she seems as if speaking to it, and then she gives a big baa as if she was saying, 'Oh! do come quick!' I'll go and find her if you will stop here," and away sped the little lassie, scattering her lapful of flowers as she ran.

"Mysie, Mysie, I don't like you going all alone," but Mysie was far away, trotting on as fast as her legs would carry her, and almost out of earshot already.

So Nellie sat still, watching the sheep and hoping that her harum-scarum little sister, not much younger than herself, might be all safe.

Mysie had begun her journey at a run, that presently turned into a trot, which gradually slackened into a more sober walk as the hill grew steeper and the ground became more rocky and dangerous, owing to the number of small loose stones which rolled from under her feet, making her stumble continually.

"I wonder whatever made the stupid old thing come up here," grumbled she to herself at last, as breathless she paused to rest for a moment. "And to bring her baby too! She might have had more sense. Oh yes! I'm coming," she answered, as a prolonged baa-a-a sounded a little way further up the hill—just as if Bunchie was really getting impatient at no one coming to the rescue.

"I'll come! I expect I'll break my legs before I get up much further," said the little climber, as she again started on her really perilous journey.

Brought up on the mountains as Mysie and her sisters had been all their lives, she was used to follow the sheep, led by the sound of their crying, when she went to gather them into their fold at evening, and now she listened very attentively to find the whereabouts of Mother Bunch, who, I must tell you, got her name from the great quantity of her wool, which grew so thick and long that she looked just for all the world like a huge fluffy ball.

"Oh, there she is!" at last cried Mysie, as she heard a loud ba-a-a, much nearer than she had expected, which almost made her jump, she was so startled. You see she was all alone on the great hillside; and looking down Nellie and the others seemed so far away that Mysie began to feel just the tiniest bit lonely, not frightened.

Oh dear no! the little lassie would have been very angry had you hinted at such a thing. Only lonely!. The heather had such an "uncanny" way of rustling whenever some bird, startled by the unwonted sound of Mysie's scrambling, flew from amongst it with a "whirr," seeming sometimes almost to rise from her very feet. However, it was no use thinking of anything but Bunchie in the meantime.

"Won't I scold her when I catch her, that's all. Oh dear! I wish I had brought something to eat with me; I am hungry!" and very wistful glances were turned to the valley so far below. "Baa!" just then sounded in such a contemptuous tone that Mysie felt half ashamed of herself for thinking of such a small matter as dinner when the lives of two real live animals were concerned.

"There you are!" at last she cried. "Oh! I am so glad. Poor wee thing, however did you get there?" was her anxious question, just as if the lamb or its mother could answer her. To be sure, they did their best, both in baaing, and shaking their funny little tails, which was so far satisfactory, and as that was all they could do, Mysie had to be content.

She gave Mother Bunch a good scolding as she said she would, and to judge from the penitent was in which the old lady said "Baa!" she seemed quite aware of her own naughtiness. But what was to be done?

The foolish little lamb had squeezed itself in among some bits of rock, one of which had partially rolled over on to it, firmly jamming it against another piece so that it could move nothing but its tail.

What was to be done? "Suppose I run down and get help?" was the first thought which suggested itself to Mysie. "No, that won't do; it would take too long. No, I must get at you myself—but how?" and in desperation she sat down on a bit of rock above Bunchie and her baby till she could think about it.

"I'm frightened—yes, I am frightened to climb to you," she said at last, shaking her head at her companions, and little wonder that she was, for the sheep had got on to a small ledge of the hill almost under the overhanging rock on which Mysie was sitting.

"No, I must climb up to you instead of down," said the brave child. No thought of leaving the poor animals in their trouble even entered her head.

So there and then steadily she began her journey downwards, and this was more perilous even than climbing, and she felt as if she would tumble right to the foot of the hill whenever the stones began to roll away from under her feet, so she was forced to lie face downwards, and slide as best she could till she got a little way below her woolly friends. They quite understood that their little mistress was trying to help them, and both watched her with great interest—Mother Bunch "baaing" good advice to her all the time, which, could have been valuable, no doubt, as the old ewe had been used to trotting up and down the hillside for ever so long, and knew every rock and cranny on it.

"It's all very easy for you to go on "baaing" to me, Bunchie," said Mystie. "You have four legs, and I've only two to climb with. Never mind! I've got sense and you haven't, to let your baby get jammed like that—you stupid old thing!" and with a triumphant "There now!" she scrambled right on to the ledge, nearly pushing Bunchie over the side in doing so. She did not dare to stand up for fear of tumbling down among those great black rocks below, where she knew she would inevitably be dashed to pieces. So she crawled slowly on hands and knees to the piece of rock which was holding the poor little prisoner so tightly, and cautiously lifting it up, she rolled it down the hillside on to the rocks, just as a punishment to it for hurting her pet. Away rolled the stone as fast as it could, and hid itself down amongst its big brothers, no doubt quite ashamed of itself.

With a joyful "baa" for "thank you," the lamb gave itself a big shake as if to be sure no ribs were crushed by the squeeze it had got, and wagging its tail with all its might, trotted over beside its mamma.

Presently the three friends all scrambled down from their dizzy height to where sister Nellie waited for them very impatiently, wondering what could have been keeping Mysie so long, and half afraid that something had happened to the brave little lassie. Mysie marched home, carrying her woolly bundle in her arms as if it had become doubly precious since its late adventure, and the trouble and danger it had cost her.

By-and-by, after supper was over, when Mysie came for her usual good-night kiss and scrambled up on father's knee as she loved to do, she told him all about the search and rescue of the naughty old Bunchie and her lamb. When she had finished, the farmer said he thought she deserved to keep the tiny runaway all to herself, to be her own property, as a reward for her bravery and presence of mind.

Mysie was a proud little woman when she tied a piece of bright blue ribbon round her pet's neck the next morning, and she told Bunchie, who watched the operation evidently with great misgivings, that henceforth her baby was to belong to her (Mysie), as its proper protector did not know how to take care of it.

"Rocky," as she christened it from the never-to-be-forgotten accident which gave it to her, well repaid all her kindness and care. In due time he grew a magnificent coat of long thick wool quite as fluffy as that of Bunchie, and when by-and-by it was cut off, Mysie got quite a respectable sum from the proceeds. In a few years' time she had saved enough to pay her schooling at the nearest town; so Rocky was worth his mistress's scramble on the hillside after all.

How to Live If You Wish to Live Long.—Aside from the very important and controlling influences of inheritance, of diet, and of temperate habits, the points to be learned from the few statistical data attainable are that longevity is promoted by a quiet, peaceful life, in a retired and rural community, where there is freedom from nervous strain and worrying and excessively laborious toil. The business man, with increasing cares and responsibilities, the mill operative toiling hard to keep together the souls and bodies of himself and his family, the politicians, the hard-working professional men, are not the chief contributors to the centenarian ranks. Dr. Holyoke, indeed, became a centenarian, but his example has rarely been followed by his professional brethren.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

BY G.

THE woodcocks had a pleasant home in the woods, not far from a flowing river. The oak-trees promised plenty of acorns, and the chestnut-trees a large supply of chestnuts, whilst the blackberry bushes put forth blossom and fruit, and as for the berries of different kinds, they were there in great plenty.

So that as a place for food, besides the insects and worms, in which the woodcocks delighted, it was all that could be wished for.

Moreover, it had another great advantage: it was many miles away from a town or village, and the father woodcock looked upon it as a place of safety, where he might bring up his family without fear of the sportsman.

It was a small family—the father and mother, and two young ones, Dicksy and Pecker—and they might have been very happy, for they had everything birds could wish for. And if Dicksy and Pecker had been of better dispositions all would have gone very well.

What could have been pleasanter than flying about over the river, now close among the rushes, now rising into the air?

The woodpeckers in the distance said one to another—

"How happy those two young birds ought to be—they have kind parents and a good home in as pretty a part of the river as is to be found."

But if the other woodpeckers had been nearer they would have found that though these two young ones were skimming over the water together, yet they were by no means amiable to each other.

They would have heard one saying to the other—

"Get out of my way," whilst the other answered—

"I shall go where I please without minding you."

For the two young woodcocks were always quarreling. If Dicksy found a pleasant bough to perch upon, Pecker wanted it, and fought till he got it. And if Pecker found a fat slug, Dicksy always tried to get it from him.

One day Dicksy found an unusually fine long worm, and was holding it up in triumph, when Pecker darted upon it, and seized one end of it in his beak. Then began a struggle; one pulled one way and one the other, till the poor worm was almost torn in two.

"What is the matter?" said the father woodcock, who had had heard the skirmish.

"I'll have it!" said Pecker.

"It's mine!" said Dicksy.

But as they opened their beaks to speak, the worm dropped to the ground, and wriggled itself into the soft earth out of the way.

Dicksy and Pecker had looked up at their father, and then they looked down. The worm was nowhere to be seen, but they heard a hedge-sparrow saying—

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip."

And so there was; the woodcocks had lost the worm, and never found it again.

One-Sidedness.—Nothing is more sure of a temporary success than enthusiastic one-sidedness when wielded by ability. It is the eager reformer who sees no objections to his schemes who wins popular sympathy; it is the lawyer or orator pleading forcibly and without the least incertitude who carries his hearers with him; it is the inventor whose enthusiasm is unchecked by a single doubt who will inspire confidence. And the man of action, in any department, will usually command success largely in proportion to his boldness, courage, and assurance. People are too much absorbed in their own affairs to wish to meditate deeply on the pros and cons of another matter; life is too short and powers is too limited for much weighing and discriminating, and they are glad to share the enthusiastic certainty of one who is supposed to be an adequate judge. One side of a subject, presented with force and clearness, commands assent; and it is thus that parties and sects flourish so rapidly under vigorous leaders.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The local newspaper at Jamaica, Vt., is named Ginger.

The ordinary watch gives 116,144,000 ticks during a year.

A pound of phosphorous is sufficient to tip one million matches.

The cod produces from two or three to seven or eight millions of eggs.

Whistling in the streets of Berlin is an offense punishable by a fine.

Women own or manage one-third of the fruit ranches of California.

The Capitol at Washington has cost the country more than $30,000,000.

Common house-flies are believed to live sometimes as long as five years.

An elevator up Mount Calvary is in construction for the benefit of pilgrims.

The grenadiers got their name from their original weapon—the hand grenade.

The French navy is to be strengthened by the addition of 101 swift torpedo boats.

A discarded theatre at Tacoma, Washington, has been converted into a house of worship.

Bloodhounds are being extensively used throughout the South in the running down of train wreckers.

The British flag floats over one-sixth of the population and one-eighth of the surface of the habitable globe.

A family at Anderson, Ky., was afflicted with the measles. A pet squirrel contracted the disease, death resulting.

Peach stones find a ready market in New York. Perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acid are distilled from them.

A silver spoon owned by Mrs. T. A. McNeal, of McRae, Ga., has been in the possession of her family for about 200 years.

An advertiser in a New York daily a few days ago offered a reward for the return of two sets of teeth and no questions asked.

A man who died a short time ago at Berlin, N. Y., left a diary, which he began when 18 years old and continued for 52 years.

To succeed it isn't always necessary to climb to the top of the ladder. The shoemaker begins at the foot, and usually sticks to the last.

A woman living on Long Island, N. Y., is earning a comfortable living from the culture of violets, which she sells to a New York firm.

A member of the English nobility lately advertised the breaking of the engagement between his daughter and a major in the English army.

A cricket farm is conducted by Mrs. Colin Campbell at Rochester, N. Y. She sells the insects to the superstitious, who believe in luck that the crickets bring.

Turkish mothers load their children with amulets as soon as they are born, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water prepared by previous charms, is stuck on their foreheads.

Chicago is going to convert the model battleship Illinois into a training school for its naval reserve. The expense will be borne by Lyman J. Gage and other wealthy men who are interested.

Some months ago the free libraries of Sheffield began blotting out the sporting and betting news in their newspapers. More than 20,000 readers protested, and the council has just rescinded the order.

A school boy of Albany, Oregon, recently took a note from his teacher to his father, telling of his fighting, and the father's answer was: "Who licked?"

William Andrew Conant, known the country over for his skill as a violin maker, died lately, aged 90 years. He began making violins in Brattleboro, nearly 60 years ago, and is said to have made over 700 of them.

The great search light from the roof of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, at the World's Fair, has been sold to the United States Government, and will be set up at Sandy Hook for experimental purposes.

Ten-year-old William Patterson, living near Gallipolis, Ohio, saw a looking-glass for the first time the other day, and, seeing his own image reflected, got frightened, and, getting his gun, shot the glass all to pieces.

Chicago has the first woman setter of music type in the person of Mrs. L. S. Jones. Mrs. Jones is said to be the pioneer of her sex in this work in this country. She thinks it a valuable and very suitable trade for women.

The mournful howls of a faithful hound in the woods back of Islip, L. I., on a recent night, attracted a searching party, who were after missing William Dorsee. The searchers discovered the dog standing guard over the dead body of his master.

A Missouri man got despondent and pleaded guilty when he was put on trial for larceny. He was more surprised than any one else when the jurymen acquitted him without leaving their seats. He had been stealing coal, and the local coal dealer was unpopular.

LOVE ME.

BY W. W. L.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful woman,
Fairest under the sun,
Here where you reign in splendor,
Life for me has just begun.

Love me—love me—love me!
Soul and body and breath;
Through all life's radiant hours,
Through all the shades of death.

REMARKABLE BEDS.

As the Eskimo sleeps on moss and skins, so even wealthy ancient Romans were content to repose on leaves and straw. Ere long they improved on hints taken from conquered nations, filled beds with delicate down, or stuffed them with the finest wool, till they attained the highest pitch of luxury in the appointment of their couches.

Richly-carved wooden frames inlaid with ivory or silver, and finally with gold, sustained cushions, pillows and counterpanes of gold and purple—a striking contrast to the flock-filled trusses of their plebeian brethren. The old Greeks used beds supported on iron frames; while the Egyptians had couches shaped more like easy-chairs with hollow backs and seats.

Climatic considerations must be taken into account by different nations in their bed-making arrangements. The Russian day and night hugs sheepskins round him; and the Pacific islander finds in palm-leaves a sufficient coverlet. In the tropics, mats of grass answer the same purpose.

The East Indian unrolls his portable mattress, and in the morning literally takes up his bed and walks off with it. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often well carved; while the Jap, with an uncomfortable wooden rest for his neck, stretches himself on a matting, and has a lighted paper lantern for company.

German beds are furnished with a huge pillow or upper mattress, which answers the purpose of ordinary bedclothing. Travelers agree that there is not enough of the Continental bed—that, in fact, it ends too quickly.

Europeans living in the East soon become acquainted with the slender iron bedsteads with tall iron rods, designated to support the mosquito curtain which seldom really answers its purpose.

On view in one of the early London Exhibitions was a Chinese bed ornamented with all sorts of curious and elaborate cabinet-work, the greater part of which consisted of inlaid mother-of-pearl.

How useless and extravagant ornaments may be heaped upon a single domestic article was proved by the grand bedstead exhibited in the Austrian department. The enormity of its bedposts, of which there appeared to be at least a dozen rising in spires of different heights, with the high relief of the carving, and the massive magnificence of the whole design, and the finish of the carving in all its parts, made this bed appear not unlike a great model of a Gothic cathedral.

Another remarkable and, we should say, more generally useful bedstead—exhibited in the Workmen's Exhibition at Paris—was made so that it can be taken down and put up again in the short space of half a minute. By a curious combination of springs, the bed can be instantaneously surrounded with curtains, a washstand wheeled inside, and the occupant go through his or her toilet without being seen. By another spring the bed is turned into a canopy suited for invalids, who have no need to stir to perform the transformation.

We are told that M. Thiers died in a little iron bed scarcely larger than a child's, which he had used for fifty years. It was wheeled into the small drawing-room where he had breakfast. He took it with him on his tour through Europe in 1870.

An interesting historical relic will be familiar to all who have visited Holyrood Palace, where may be seen the four-poster bedstead of Scotland's beautiful and luckless Queen, in its faded splendor and melancholy suggestiveness of misfortune and decay.

Many great personages seem to be careful that their importance should be reflected, as it were, in the luxurious appointments of their sleeping apartments. True, it is said that on one occasion when a Persian ambassador was shown into his bedroom in a certain hotel, where a grand canopied state-bed had been prepared for him, he supposed it was a throne in his audience chamber, received his visitors seated on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in the corner of the room. But Eastern potentates show as a rule a much greater appreciation of costly beds.

A remarkable bedstead was made in Paris for an Indian Prince, who paid thousands of dollars for it. It was constructed partly of silver, with large female figures at each corner, each holding a delicate-looking fan. The weight of the sleeper's body sets certain machinery in motion which causes the figures to keep the fans gently in motion—an ingenious luxury in a hot climate. By touching a spring, a large musical box is made to give forth soft music as a further incentive to slumber.

Another bedstead made of silver is said to have been occupied by the German Emperor during his visit to the Sultan. It had Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold. What a contrast this presents to the simple iron camp beds affected by Prince Bismarck, Moltke and other renowned leaders!

Among numerous presents sent to a Shah of Persia by one of the Russian Emperors was a bedstead of extraordinary magnificence. It is said to have been entirely made of crystal, and was accessible by steps of the same material all worked in imitation of large diamonds, incrusted in a solid frame. On each side there were spouts made to eject scented water, which by its murmuring invited sleep. It was crowned by a large chandelier, which spread light around, so as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once. This unique piece of furniture was produced, we are told, at the imperial manufactory of St. Petersburg.

Grains of Gold.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy.

The acts of this life are the destiny of the next.

A doubter is always dodging and hiding from the truth.

Cheerfulness is health; its opposite, melancholy, is disease.

No can can be truly brave who is not trying to be truly good.

The darker it is all around us, the more our light is needed.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.

Make life a ministry of love and it will always be worth living.

He who reforms himself has done much toward reforming others.

Joys are the flowers dropped into our path by the hands of Providence.

Living entirely for self is about the smallest business any one can engage in.

The man who tries to be religious for pay will steal when he gets a good chance.

One of the most wretched men in the world is the one who cannot respect himself.

The man who never makes any mistakes never does any work that will outlive him.

Numerous troubles spring from idleness, and manifold grievous toils from needless ease. Many without labor would live by their wits, but they break for want of stock.

Friendship is more like a tree than a structure. Full of vitality, slow of growth, sturdy in its nature, it comforts man by the refreshment of its shade, and nourishes him by the sustenance of its fruits.

If a tenth part of the felicities that are enjoyed in the region of imagination could be imported into regions terrestrial, what a delightful thing it would be to awake each morning to see such a world once more!

Femininities.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

You will soon become poor in earnest if you try to keep all you get.

Many do not know that eggs readily acquire the flavor of the substances in which they are preserved.

Meekison: "Why did the policeman club Vokes?" Bangs: "For getting in his way when he was getting away from a fight."

The Duchess of Teck, whose daughter may one day be Queen of England, has written an article begging ladies of her acquaintance to help make clothes for the poor.

Mrs. Munns, of Dawson, Ky., is a licensed Baptist preacher. She is said to be the only woman in that State who has authority to officiate at a wedding in a clerical capacity.

James Wheeler, aged 76 years, and three times a widower, and Mrs. Eliza Curd, 72 years old, and who has also been married three times, were married near Waynesboro, Ky., recently.

The Wimodaughsis Society of Washington—which ran the words wife, mother, daughter and sister together for its title—drew the color line until lately, but it has admitted colored members.

He: "I'm sure Cupid had nothing to do with arranging our alphabet."
She: "What gives you that impression?"
He: "If he had been doing it he would have placed U and I much nearer each other."

Bridget Rush was recently sentenced to the House of Correction, at Detroit, for drunkenness, for the 249th time. She is 65 years old, and has lived in Detroit 35 years, half of which time she has spent in prison.

Mrs. Eva Blackman, a member of the Leavenworth, Kansas, Police Board, is bouncing bachelors from the force and putting married men in their places, her own husband being one of the lucky aspirants for a position.

Mrs. Yang Yu, wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington, continues to progress. Not long ago she astonished the Capital world by appearing at a State dinner. Now she pays calls with the Minister in his stylish brougham.

An enormous mound-like rock, cleft vertically from top to bottom, affords much interest to visitors at Pelham Bay Park, New York. In the cleft grows a tree, about eight inches in diameter, that extends some feet above the top of the rock.

Tutter: "Awfully pretty baby, Bender, but—er—what is it, boy or girl?"
Bender: "Can't you tell it's a girl?"
"No. How on earth can you tell?"
"Can't you see? She's reaching up to put her mother's hat on straight."

A literary woman of California has brought a divorce suit against her husband, who is an artist, and who, as she has set forth, "does not furnish his wife the means for literary leisure," he being an able-bodied man who could make more money by manual labor than by his art.

"My man," said the woman who was leaning across the fence, "is one of these here pessimists."
"And what's that?" asked the other woman.
"Why, one of these here fellows that is always sure bad luck is a-coming to him, and is mightily surprised when it comes."

Waldo G. Robinson, of Des Moines, Iowa, lately married, in deference to his deceased wife's wishes, Miss Alice Brown, of Indianapolis. His first wife, who is said to have been a cousin of the President, believed that her husband and children's happiness would be safe with Miss Brown in her place.

A romantic marriage occurred lately at Fulton, Ky. Adolph Ekins and Miss Alice Mahoney were the contracting parties. It was agreed by them that they would try married life a year, and, if found disagreeable to either, he or she was at liberty to withdraw, notwithstanding what the other party had to say.

The Midnight Band of Mercy is no longer killing belated and emaciated cats in New York; but in Brooklyn there is a very active organization of truly good women who devote their time and attention to friendless dogs. The society has done a good deal of valuable work, especially in returning lost dogs to their owners.

In Mongolia the missionary is often asked to perform impossible and ridiculous cures. One man asks to be made fat, another to be made clever, another wished to be cured of hunger, another to have his taste for tobacco or whiskey taken away, while almost everybody would like to have his skin made white, like the foreigner.

Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day, after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers, her mother exclaimed in despair: "Oh, my dear! my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," replied the child, unabashed: "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead!"

Masculinities.

A broken word cannot be mended.

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook.

If you want to get into a fat office, hire yourself to a soap boiler.

Because misfortunes never come singly should be no argument against marriage.

"He married such a cold girl." "Poor fellow! And he is so completely wrapped up in her."

The dentist can hardly lay claim to originality. He is all the time taking things out of other people's mouths.

Three things that never agree: Two cats over one mouse; two wives in one house, and two lovers after one maiden.

A man is like a tree in that both may bear good fruit; but, unlike a tree, he cannot be upright and shady at the same time.

A Washington man who advertised the finding of an umbrella is the subject of a page article in a leading weekly of that city.

A man's indignation against the contemptible sneak who passed a plugged dollar on him never cools until he has passed it on some one else.

Chef Ranshover, of Delmonico's, New York, is about to issue a book that will contain a receipt telling how to cook eggs in 101 different ways.

William Fuller, of Hardin county, Ia., although 84 years old, still works his farm of 40 acres, and when he has nothing better to do he cuts and hauls wood.

A five-dollar bill may be torn, and covered with dirt and muck, and still it is a prettier picture in most men's eyes than the best of the old masters.

When a couple of men offer to bet upon a certain question, the man with an empty pocketbook is like that same pocketbook, because it is easy to shut him up.

He: "I'm afraid you don't like to have me dropping in on you for these little chats?" She, earnestly: "Indeed, I'm sure your short calls are perfectly delightful."

A Western genius defines a coquette as a box of snuff, from which every lover takes a pinch. Her husband, fortunate or unfortunate wretch as he may think himself, gets the box—on the ear.

Jonh Hinemann, of Memphis, Tenn., lost his power of speech several years ago as a result of fever. He dreamed one night recently that he could talk, and when he woke in the morning he found that his dream was true.

A Danish writer speaks of a hovel so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

Mrs. Hattie Gottrie, of Lowell, Mass., is probably the youngest grandmother in the country. She was married before she was 16, in 1876, and her daughter, born in 1877, also married before she was 16. The grandchild, Eva, was born in September last.

The shock of her husband's sudden death caused Mrs. George S. Roberts to regain her voice, which she lost from bronchial trouble over nine years ago. The wife cried aloud in her sorrow, and, to her surprise and that of her daughter, her voice sounded clear and strong.

Frank H. Wright, a full-blooded Indian, has been conducting a series of revival meetings in Passaic, N. J., and one of the results is that 18 young men and women, said to be prominent socially, have signed a pledge to give up dancing, card-playing and theatre-going for the rest of their lives.

William Langedorf, a bachelor living in Bee county, Texas, was trying on an old pair of cast-off boots found in an out-house when his feet met an obstruction in one of the boots. Upon examination it was found to be a roll of greenbacks, amounting to $500. How the money came to be placed there and whence it came is a mystery.

Lord Rosebery has become a milkman, one of the most extensive in London, but he does not have his name on his milk wagons, as Lord Rayleigh does, preferring to carry on the trade under the names of his managers. Two other peers who turn an honest penny the same way are Lords Londonderry, retail coal, and Portsmouth, fruit and garden truck.

"You don't look very happy, Robinson. What's the matter?"
"No; I left off my thick flannels about a month ago, and have had twinges of rheumatism ever since."
"That's bad."
"Oh, I don't mind so much about the rheumatism, but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon."

William Dixon, proprietor of the Remington Hotel, at Pomeroy, O., has a water spaniel that has heard the porter announce the departure of trains so often that he has taken the office upon himself. When the ferryboat whistles for the trains on the opposite side of the river, the dog sets up a howl that wakes the soundest sleeper, and keeps up howling until all are out.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Among the season's head covering a pretty lace and jet bonnet, of the long, narrow shape now fashionable, is almost entirely covered with mauve colored cyclamen, trimmed with jet and ivy berries, a jet butterfly in the front and black satin at the back. Huge bows completely cover many of the bonnets. A light green straw, for example, has a black one at the back and in front; while a jet plateau is trimmed under the brim with deep pink geraniums, an aigrette and a bow of tulle.

Black wall flowers, black daisies, are rivals to the favorite violets in deep, purplish black. This fashion brings in the quaint little black pansies also.

The crown of a dainty little chapeau is a parterre of tiny heartsease in black, mauve and yellow, one large shaded pansy forming an aigrette in the front between the loops of ribbon.

A large flat black hat, trimmed with black lace, is trimmed with velvet cowslips, with a green bow at the side and wide ribbon strings coming from the back. A granny-shaped bonnet in coarse gold straw has a waved front, with red rosettes, and is edged with feather bands, which softened the face; while another in reseda straw has a cloven front, black Mercury wings, and roses behind.

Leghorn hats are draped with broad scarfs of pale blue net. In palest old-rose and soft pink velvet are some carelessly folded bonnets, which have the effect of coronets. These are harmoniously trimmed with black flowers that have sparkling dew-drops on them.

One of the newest spring models has a crown resembling a Greek cap, of turquoise velvet, embroidered with silver sequins. In front are some large loops of jet on either side, a black brush aigrette giving height to the immediate front.

A hat in green straw—of the sort which is natural straw, unbleached and not colored green—has bows of green moire in front, with strings of black moire. At each side of the brim are clusters of small dahlias, at the back a tuft of dahlia foliage and buds.

A swan-shaped toque of old mauve and chartreuse green is thickly embroidered with iridescent beads, with tufts of fancy grass arranged in front, while corners of the velvet of both shades are turned up at the back like a swan with outstretched wings. Very simple is a fancy straw toque in pink and green, with its knots of black satin ribbons studded with sequins and pink roses embroidered in ground ivy. So also is a Russian turban of black straw, with a knot of turquoise velvet and two black tips at the back.

Some of the domestic virtues of the good old days when every woman knew how to wash linens and woollens beautifully, to iron her husband's shirts until they glistened, and to "do up" laces are of necessity being restored. The woman who does not know how to wash her flannels, and has not enough money to hire very skilled laundry talent, finds her wearing apparel shrunk to a very diminutive size. The woman who does not know how to wash her laces will have no laces.

Woollen undergarments and flannel ones have to be differently treated. Flannels should be shrunk before being made up. Boiling water should be poured on them, and then they should be let to lie until the water is cold. Then shake stretch and fold smoothly to make them straight and even and hang them out. When half dry shake, stretch and turn out. Take them in while still damp, then smooth, and in half an hour iron with nearly a cold iron.

To wash them do not soak or put any soda in the water. Wash in lukewarm, not hot water, finish quickly and dry at once in the open air. To wash woollens, wash in clean, hot soapsuds, rinse in clear hot water, and shake out the water without passing through the wringer.

To wash lace, cover a bottle with fine white flannel and tack the edges of the lace upon it, being careful to fasten down every point and to lay the lace quite straight. Squeeze the bottle in plenty of lukewarm suds till the lace is clean and rinse in the same way. Dip it, bottle and all, in starch, wrap clean cambric around it and let it dry in the open air. When nearly dry the lace may be untacked and shaken dry. It will need no ironing. When black lace is to be cleaned, a few drops of ammonia should be substituted for the soap.

To wash any sort of lawn, boil two quarts of wheat bran in six quarts of water for half an hour. Strain through a coarse towel and mix the liquid in the water in which the lawn is washed. Use no soap and no starch. Rinse in clear water.

If one wishes to iron well, it is necessary to own the proper sort of irons. If one undertakes to iron collars, cuffs or stiff shirts, polishing irons must be used. Fluting irons will improve the appearance of ruffled underwear. Embroidery should be ironed on flannel and on the wrong side.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Housekeeping Hints.—A very convenient mucilage can be made of onion juice by anyone who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled a short time, will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used quite extensively in various trades for pasting paper onto tin or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise anyone on making the first attempt. It is the cheapest and best mucilage for such purposes, and answers just as well as many of the more costly and patent cements. Some of the cements sold by street fakirs at ten cents a bottle consist of nothing but onion juice and water, and the bottle and cork cost a great deal more than the contents.

Always put through the eye of the needle first the end of the thread which comes off the spool, and the thread will be less apt to knot and snarl.

A piece of beef weighing ten pounds requires two hours to roast. Allow ten minutes to every pound over or under this weight. The second cut of the sirloin, the second cut of the ribs and the back of the rump are considered the best parts of beef for roasting.

Mint sauce is nice to serve with roast lamb. Take a bunch of green mint and chop it very fine with a knife. Add a teacup of fine brown sugar and a teacup of sharp vinegar. Stir this up, and send it to the table in a sauce boat.

To clean marble: Take a little soft soap and pumice stone on a flannel. Rub it all over the surface, then wash it off, wipe dry, and rub it with a clean cloth. But if the marble is spotted, send it to be repolished.

In baking cake, to ascertain whether the cake is ready to leave the oven thrust a clean straw into the thickest part. If it comes out clean, take out the tins and set them gently on a table or shelf to cool before turning them upside down on a clean, dry cloth or dish.

All kinds of raised bread or cake rise much quicker in a kitchen in the day time when the kitchen is warm, than at night, when the fire is out. Therefore five or six hours in the day are equal to 12 hours at night. In cold weather anything made with yeast should be made early in the evening, that it may get started to rise before the kitchen is cold. Some housekeepers keep a piece of an old ironing-blanket, kept clean, to fold and lay over the cotton or linen bread-cloth, to keep the bread warm while rising.

A Mutton Ham.—Choose a fresh leg of mutton weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds and cut it in the form of a ham. Pound in a mortar half a pound of bay salt, one ounce of saltpetre, half a pound of brown sugar; make the mixture hot in a frying pan, rub the meat thoroughly with it, turn and rub well for four days every morning. On the fifth day add two ounces more of common salt, rub well and turn it in the brine for twelve days more, then drain and wipe dry; rub it with dry salt, and hang it up in wood smoke; no meat is more improved by wood smoke than mutton. When once dried, it will keep six months. Mutton hams may be either roasted or boiled, but should be soaked twelve or twenty-four hours befor cooking either way. Time to smoke, eight to ten days.

Crab au Gratin.—Pick the flesh from a cooked crab, mince it, and mix with it about a fourth of its bulk of fine freshly-grated bread crumbs and a little very finely chopped parsley or chives. Season it to taste, mix it with a little warmed butter, and place it in the shell or in little china shells, squeeze some lemon juice over it, cover it with a thick layer of browned bread-crumbs, and with tiny morsels of butter about it to prevent its getting dry, and bake it either before the fire or in the oven.

Rhubarb and Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Prepare some rhubarb-stalks as for a pie; cover the bottom of a buttered pudding-dish with slices of bread-and-butter; cover with the rhubarb sliced rather thinly; sprinkle well with sugar; then place another layer of bread-and-butter, and so on until the dish is full. Cover, and steam whilst baking for an hour; then remove the lid and bake for ten minutes while browning.

It gives immediate relief—we mean Salvation Oil, the great pain-remedy. Price 25c.

CLIPPED TALONS.—The following clever trick was recently played upon an avaricious French landlord by a poor wretched engraver who had got into arrears with his rent.

"Give me a little time," said the tenant—"I have discovered a means of paying you soon."

"Bah!" returned the landlord, incredulously. "How, I should like to know?"

"Look here," replied the engraver, taking a hundred-franc note mysterously from a drawer—"that's my last piece of work."

"Did you do it?"

"Certainly."

"You yourself—and not the Bank of France?"

"No, it's my work."

"Will you trust me with it for half-an-hour?"

And the landlord took the note, and hurried off to the Bank. There they assured him that it was perfectly good, and finally changed it for him.

As he hurried back to his lodger the wretched man's head fairly swam with visions of untold wealth.

"My good fellow," he cried, on reaching the house, all out of breath, "how clever you are! Why don't you make thousand-franc notes?"

"For the very good reason that I have never seen one."

"That need be no obstacle—here is one. Copy it, and I will be back here in a week's time. We will snare it."

At the end of the week the landlord duly made his appearance.

"How does the note get?" was his anxious inquiry.

"Your note! Why, I have spent it with two or three friends, you vagabond!" majestically replied the engraver.

"Spent it! But——"

"No noise, or I'll split!"

And the man explained to his landlord that he had outrageously taken him in, and that the hundred-franc note was perfectly good. He wound up by advising him to turn his avariciousness in another direction.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

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One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "BRIGHT EYES" and "BLONDE AND BRUNETTE." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

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In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	Colds, Coughs,
Inflammation,	Sciatica,
Lumbago,	Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,	Influenza,

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

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—AND—
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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The March number of "The Century" contains a great variety of points. The opening article is a sketch of the Tuileries under Napoleon III., written by a lady who was a governess in one of the court families. Then come, among many other, "A Pilgrimage to Lourdes;" "The City Tramp;" Prof. Edward S. Holden tells a good deal that is new about earthquakes; the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden writes of "The Anti-Catholic League" in a way that will attract wide attention; Major Andre also is a "contributor" to this number; his account of the "Mischianza," the famous festival given in honor of Sir William Howe in 1778, is printed from Major Andre's manuscript, heretofore unpublished. Published by The Century Co., New York.

The Squire's Daughter.

BY O. C. G.

BELIEVE in character-reading? Why, of course I do! Perhaps I can best explain my views by giving you one of my own experiences. "When my little Nellie was twenty years old, her aunt Margaret kept bothering me to send the lassie up to London, to see society; and, when I pooh-poohed the idea, I was told point-blank that I was not doing my duty by my daughter in not giving her a chance to find a husband.

"Nellie was the very sunshine of my life, and I could not bear the thought of sending my darling to parade in the matrimonial market. One night, after a hard day with the hounds, I was musing over the incidents of the day, and I thought how a good run with the hounds showed a man up and brought out the best and the worst that were in him. Then it was that my brilliant idea struck me. I would go up to town, dine at my club, and make the acquaintance of a few young chaps, sons of old chums, and ask them down in turns for a day's hunting.

"I lost no time in putting the idea into practice. By five o'clock train on the following Friday night Charlie Heath arrived. He was evidently struck with Nellie; but I didn't let him see much of her—he had not yet passed his examination. I should know more of him by the next night. The morning proved all we could wish, so far as the weather was concerned. I put my young guest on my second horse, old Harkaway—as good at hunter as ever run. Nellie gave us the stirrup-cup at the door and watched us off; and very sweet she looked. Old Harkaway curveted down the drive like a three-year-old—a proceeding which made me suspect that the off-side spur was pretty busy.

"'Ho, ho, Mr. Heath,' said I to myself—'showing off, I see!'

"I didn't enjoy that day much, in spite of a couple of good runs and being in a two kills; and I think I can safely aver that old Harkaway didn't enjoy it at all. Mr. Heath's showing-off continued during the day. He checked his horse at his fences, and then used his spurs and made a great show of lifting him over. He rode at the same pace over grass land and ploughed land; he pulled his horse's mouth with the curb. I was no sorry when the dog-cart came round to take Mr. Heath back to the station.

"'Too heavy a hand, too cruel a heel ever to drive my little filly in harness,' said I.

"My next visitor was in almost all things the exact opposite of Mr. Heath, yet somehow he did not suit me a bit better.

"'I perceive,' said I to myself, 'that a light hand is not the only requisite for a hunting-man, for it is possible to have so light a hand as virtually to have no hand at all; and that isn't the sort of man to put a well-bred filly into harness for the first time.'

"I need not give you details of the next four or five I tried. One funked his fences and waited for gaps to be made for him; and I quickly decided that somebody would have to make gaps for him all his life.

"More from habit than from anything else, I once more went up to town. I had finished my dinner, and, going to the billiard-room for a smoke, my attention was caught by a young fellow whom I had seen dining alone and who was now watching the play and enjoying a smoke.

"I took a seat near him, and we soon got into conversation. His name being mentioned by some one, I discovered he was the son of an old friend, Colonel Tom Walton, who had been killed in action five years before.

"I soon learned young Walton's history. The involved state of his father's affairs had compelled him to give up his dreams of a military life. He had taken a position offered him in the City, and had been pegging away at his work for three years. His employer had ordered him off for a fortnight; so he had dropped in at the club to dine and quietly consider what he should do with himself.

"'I'll take that business off your hands,' said I.

"When a boy, he had been at the Beeches with his father, and he gladly accepted the invitation which I gave him to come down with me the next day for a few day's hunting.

"And so it came about that, when the dog-cart pulled up at the door of the Beeches, two passengers got down instead of one, and my little Nellie, coming out to welcome her old dad in the semi-darkness, almost got into the wrong pair of arms. There was a good deal of merriment over this little incident, which served to put the young people at their ease, and they were soon busy recalling their escapades together ten years before.

"At dinner we were a very merry trio. Jack seemed to have left all his worries in London. He was a boy again; and his ready laugh proved quite infectious. The next day we had some fair sport in the field; and I soon found that Jack knew the difference between a horse and a galloping machine. Jack stayed with us a fortnight, and right sorry I was when his last day with us came. We had dined in unwonted silence, and Nellie had then left us to our cigars.

"'Jack, my boy,' said I, 'I'm sorry you have to go; but, whenever you have a day or two off, mind you look us up. And remember you come for a week for partridge-shooting in any case!'

"'Squire,' said he, 'nobody will ever know how much I have enjoyed this visit. But I dare not come again. I'm just beginning to realise that I have given my love where I can never hope for a return; and, as you have a right to look much higher for a husband for Nellie than a poor beggar who has his own way to make, I had better keep out of the way.'

"'If Nellie ever loves a man and a gentleman, want of money will never stand in the way of her happiness,' said I.

"Jack wrung my hand hard, but I could see he thought his chance with Nellie small. However, he came down for the partridge-shooting, and——"

Here the squire's story was interrupted. A golden-haired little girl toddled into the room, and piped out—

"Dinner's in, please, grandpa!"

"Just coming, sweetheart. Now, then, all of you, come to dinner! Yes, that's Nellie's eldest—Eleanor Thornhill Walton."

THE QUEER FISHERMAN.—The otter is admirably adapted to its aquatic habits. Its body is long and flexible, with a long, tapering tail, which serves as a rudder in the performance of the evolutions of the animal under the water. The limbs are short, but very muscular and powerful; and the feet, which consist of five toe each, are webbed, so as to serve as paddles or oars. The eyes are large, the ears short, and the lips are provided with strong whiskers. The covering consists of two kinds of fur—an under vest of close, short, waterproof wool, and the outer vest of long, coarse, glossy hairs. Shy and recluse, the otter is nocturnal in his habits, lurking by day in its burrow, which opens near the water's edge, concealed by the tangled herbage.

Voracious, active and bold, it is notorious for its devastations among the fish in our rivers and lakes, which are not protected from the foe, either by the element in which they live, or by the rapidity of their motion in it. Like them, the otter is at home in the water, swimming at any depth with the utmost velocity.

Many instances are upon record of the successful employment of tame otters for angling purposes. Bishop Heber relates that at Pondicherry, on the banks of the Matta Colly, he saw a row of nine or ten very large and beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes. Some were swimming about at the ful extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill, whistling noise as if in play. The bishop observes that most of the fishermen in the neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, and sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth.

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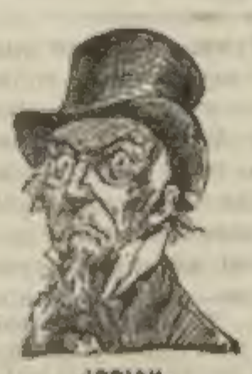

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Humorous.

SEE HIM LATER.

He seized her hand ecstatically:
"Fair maid whom I adore,
Queen of my soul, my life, my hope,
Be mine forever more!"

She gazed into his humid eyes,
So soon to fill with sorrow;
"I'll ask my husband, sir," she said—
"We'll let you know to-morrow."
—U. N. News.

Good for sick people—Well water.

A regular old stick-in-the-mud—An anchor.

How should weeping willows be planted?—In tiers.

Why is a proud girl like a music box?—She is full of airs.

You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust.

Why is a fierce thunderstorm like an onion?—Because it is peal on peal.

What class of tradesmen succeed best by going to the wall?—Paper hangers.

Hoax: "There's a factory that fairly breeds strikes." Joax: "What do they make?" Hoax: "Matches."

She: "You know papa has failed; and he says that we must begin to economize."
He: "Well, we needn't be wearing out two chairs."

Sportsman: "Are there any snipe in this boat?" Native: "Is it schnipes? Begob, if if ye hadn't yer gun wid ye, they'd ate yo alolve!"

She: "Poor Mr. Zanesigh! I hear that his family troubles are preying upon his mind." He: "Oh, if that's so they'll soon be at an end." She: "How?" He: "They'll starve to death."

New Yorker: "Why do they call your city the Windy City?"
Chicagoan: "Because our citizens make so much money that they're all the time blowing it in."

Parson Johnson: "What yo' tinkin' about, Uncle Rufe?"
Uncle Rufe: "Doan disturb me, paheon; doan disturb me, Ise tinkin about all de tings dat I done fergot."

Elaine: "Would you ever get over it and forget me, George, if I should refuse you?"
George: "You bet I would!"
Elaine: "Well, then, I'm yours."

Green: "Wagner had a special purpose in making his operas so loud."
Gray: "What was it?"
Green: "He was determined that they should be heard above the talking in the boxes."

Esther, to her betrothed: "Do learn to skate, George. I'm sure you would look lovely on ice."
George, young and rising undertaker: "Look lovely on ice? Thank you. I'm in no hurry about that."

Johnny: "I'm sorry I fought with Jimmy Green yesterday."
Mamma: "Why are you sorry?"
"Because I knocked one of his front teeth out, and now he can spit through his tooth and I can't."

Jack: Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"
Joe: "What's that?"
"Why, for instance, that that cow had a prior existence in another form—perhaps been a being like myself."
"Oh, no doubt the cow's been a calf."

Editor: "No, sir; your novel won't do at all. It's too improbable."
Author: "How so?"
Editor: "Well, in one chapter, in speaking of Wires, the Harlem politician, you say, 'As he passed Garvey's saloon, Wires observed his rival.' No Harlem politician ever passes a saloon."

Blinks: "His little love affair turned out to be pretty expensive. Although their engagement is permanently broken off, she absolutely refuses to return the costly diamond ring he gave her."
Grumper, confirmed bachelor: "Humph! It strikes me that he got off very cheap. Suppose she'd married him?"

Johnny, aged 4, and Harry, aged 5, had been left at home with their sister, mother having gone out. When bedtime came they wanted to stay up for mother, and it was hard work to get them to bed. Harry maintained a stolid indifference, but Johnny cried lustily. Their sister listened at the bottom of the stairs, hoping that they would soon be good. At last Johnny stopped, and the listener heard him say, "You cry, Harry, I'm tired."

The pastor had no dislike to the choir, but some of its members were almost ready to resign, not long ago, on account of one of his announcements. So many of them were sick that the choir seats were deserted. The good man was sorry for it, but the idea uppermost in his mind was to choose a hymn that the entire congregation could sing. He mentioned the absence of the choir and then said, "Since Providence has seen fit to afflict them with bad colds, let us all join in singing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

AKIN TO THE APE.—Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa, in Africa.

Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice, and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes.

The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored clothes as they came to the moist, warm bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them, and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health.

These queer people have only one fault—a love for ants, mice, and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food.

The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin to humanity, the ape.

LASTING A LIFE-TIME.—"I must quote the following letter," says a noted writer, "because it has a very wide application. It runs: 'My dear Mr. Morse—It was very pleasant to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date—which I knew—and the signature—which I guessed at. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to oneself every morning, "There is that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those 'e's' that look like 'a's' and those 'i's' that have no eyebrows." Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept for ever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.—Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH."

BRIDAL WREATHS OF MANY LANDS.—According to a Berlin newspaper, the bridal wreath is usually formed in Germany of myrtle branches; in France and England of orange blossoms, in Italy and French Switzerland of white roses, in Spain of red roses and pinks, in the islands of Greece of vine leaves, in Bohemia of rosemary, in German Switzerland of a crown of artificial flowers. Bridal crowns consist of silver in Norway, Sweden and Servia, of glass pearls and gold wire in Bavaria and Silesia, of gilt paper among the Finns, Wends and Altenburgians, of filigree work among the Greeks of Athens, of artificial flowers or wreaths, with streams of ribbons suspended over neck and shoulders, in Hesse.

UNPOPULAR.—According to Marion Crawford, coquettes are very unpopular in Italy. It is not easy, he says, to convey to the foreign mind generally the enormous importance which is attached in Italy to a distinct promise of marriage. It, indeed, almost amounts, morally speaking, to marriage itself, and the breaking of it is looked upon socially as an act of gross infidelity to the marriage bond. A young girl who refuses to keep her engagement is called a "civetta"—an owlet—probably because owlets are used as a decoy all over the country in snaring and shooting small birds. Be that as it may, the term is a bitter reproach. It sticks to her who has earned it, and often ruins her whole life.

HIS CHECK.—A venerable and pompous English Bishop was having his portrait painted by an eminent artist. After sitting steady for an hour in silence, the churchman thought he would break the monotony with a remark: "How are you getting along?" he inquired. To the astonishment of the Bishop the knight of the palette, absorbed in his work, replied: "Move your head a little to the right and shut your mouth." Not being accustomed to such a form of address, his lordship said: "May I ask you why you address me in this manner?" The artist, still absorbed in his work, said: "I want to take off a little of your cheek."

MINERAL WATERS.—According to the report of the United States Geological Survey on the subject of natural mineral waters, there are between 8000 and 10,000 mineral springs in this country, and the waters from nearly 300 of them, aggregating 21,000,000 gallons and valued at $5,000,000, are annually placed on the market. The report shows a large increase in the trade in natural mineral waters. In 1883 the total number of springs the waters of which were known to have been placed on the market was only 189, and their commercial product did not exceed 7,529,433 gallons, valued at $1,119,606, or about one-third of the present figures.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Buffalo Day Express. Parlor and Dining Car. Chicago Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 9.30 A. M.	Ar. Pitts. 7.40 A. M.
Buffalo Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 9.45 P. M.	Ar. Pitts. 7.40 P. M.
Williamsport Express. (Parlor Car.)	week-days, 8.25 A. M., 4.00 P. M.	10.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper).	daily 11.30 P. M.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.07, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, 6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, 6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.07 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 6.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 3.00 p m.

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